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No. 1,293.—Vol. I.

NEW YORK, JULY 10, 1880.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



OPENING OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.—THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.
MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, U.S.A., AND HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH, OF INDIANA.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUTENKUNT AND JUDEN'S.—SEE PAGE 318.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, JULY 10, 1880.

NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York City, N. Y.
P. O. Box 4121.

New York, January 17th, 1880.

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L. W. ENGLAND, Assignee.

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THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

THE Democratic Party, in the nomination of General Hancock for President, has abandoned the one paramount issue upon which for nearly four years it has rallied its supporters in every State of the Union. Of that issue Mr. Tilden has been the absolute embodiment, and a profound conviction has pervaded the masses of his party that the wrong believed to have been done to him and it in the seating of President Hayes ought to be righted by his renomination and election. That conviction, reinforcing the popular appreciation of Mr. Tilden's ability and experience as a publicist, would have given an immense impetus to the Democratic canvass, and in all probability would have placed the party success beyond a peradventure. There is in the American mind a pronounced abhorrence of injustice and an honest, controlling love of fair play; and this sentiment, once definitely appealed to and fully aroused, is practically invincible, no matter by what or whom antagonized.

General Hancock, to whom the leadership of the Democracy of the Union has been intrusted, is in all respects a worthy type of the best American character. His patriotism is unquestioned, his ability beyond dispute. The one has been tried in the crucial tests of internecine war, while the other has been illustrated in the loftiest spheres of public duty. In point of integrity and purity of character, he is the peer of any man named before the Convention which made him the party standard-bearer. It is true that he has had little experience in civil life, and is unfamiliar with the responsibilities of civic administration. He would not bring to the discharge of the duties of the Executive office that thorough and practical knowledge of purely civil affairs which is possessed by General Garfield; but if elected, there can be no question that he would perform these duties conscientiously and with reference to the highest welfare of the people. While a soldier by education and profession, it is to be remembered that General Hancock has always, so far as he could do so consistently with the public interests, subordinated the civil to the military authority, holding that the rights of the citizen should never be invaded by summary processes unless the highest considerations of public safety demanded the suspension of ordinary and constitutional prerogatives. While in command in the South during the critical period of reconstruction, General Hancock displayed a moderation and magnanimity which elicited the warmest approval of all right-thinking citizens. Probably his influence while commanding the Department of Louisiana contributed as largely as that of any man in public life to recall the country to a proper appreciation of the principles of constitutional government, then so seriously menaced by the irresponsible administrations of the Southern States. The support that he received in the Cincinnati Convention from the section whose armed attempt against the Union he so bravely resisted not only shows that his integrity of purpose as a soldier, while thus in command with really absolute powers, is appreciated, but affords a ground of positive hope for the future in the proof which it gives of the abatement of resentments once as bitter and as strong as death. When Confederates urge the nomination and give their support to a Union General as a candidate for the highest office in the land, we may conclude that "the bloody chasm" is, indeed, pretty effectually closed.

There is, it is true, something incon-

sistent in the nomination, by the Democracy, of a soldier for the Presidency. That party has for ten years or more vehemently opposed the selection of military Presidents as contrary to sound policy and as dangerous to the liberties of the people. To set up in business now as a soldier's party is, on the face of it, an abandonment of a cardinal tenet of the party faith. But the logic of events is stronger than the prejudices of partisans, and the Democracy shows a higher wisdom in confessing that it has given an exaggerated importance to an idea possibly right in itself, than in adhering stolidly to a fictitious issue, and so endangering the advantages offered by a great historic opportunity.

Upon one question of conspicuous concern, that of the finances, General Hancock's position, owing probably to his careful abstinance from political controversies, is not defined with the clearness which will be necessary to secure for him the support of the great financial interests of the country. So, too, his opinions about the tariff, Civil Service reform, State sovereignty, are unknown. But his views on these questions will, no doubt, be definitely stated in his letter of acceptance, and it is only fair that he shall have full opportunity to satisfy the public anxiety as to these and all cognate matters.

One thing, at least, is assured by General Hancock's nomination. It gives the leadership, in both parties, to the more conservative elements, and secures a cleanly, decent canvass, in which there will be no excuse for the brutalities which have only too often characterized our campaigns. That will be a gain of vast significance and value in its relations to the politics of the present and the future. That is the safest administration, always and everywhere, which is based upon character, ability and conscientiousness, and a contest which assures the triumph of these qualities, and the incarnation of these elements in the governmental policy, can have in it nothing to appeal to prejudice or passion—nothing to excite alarm or anxiety in the mind of the most sensitive or timid.

COMMERCIAL CO-OPERATION.

THE masses of the American people earn their bread, as scripturally enjoined to do, by the sweat of the brow. As the country has grown, and competition has been sharpened, the difficulties of obtaining an equitable share of the comforts and necessities of life have been increased to the many. Wealth in an organized capacity, and with a greed natural to riches, steps in to grasp the lion's share of whatever labor produces. Everywhere it resists wholesome regulation, evades its just share of the public burdens, multiplies its profits by fictitious representations of expenditure, and sacrifices the claims of labor to the increase of dividends. Great corporations and manufacturing establishments too often treat men, with their wants and feelings, with the same consideration that they bestow upon raw material and machinery.

The tendency of all this is to create unrest in the country, to provoke a struggle which from time to time brings disastrous consequences to individuals and communities. The great railroad strike which occurred in 1877 cost the country, in its several interests, not less than ninety millions of dollars; and this, perhaps, is a low estimate. To labor, the result of a strike is simply disastrous. If workmen should now come to the belief that a strike for the next three months would end in securing an advance of twenty per cent. on their wages, the whole body of labor would be ready to co-operate. But here comes in this important fact: They would be obliged to work nearly one year before the increase could make good the amount of money lost during the continuance of the strike.

Angry contention now, and revolution and bloodshed in the future, will not bring about a more equitable distribution of wealth. The solution of that question must come through peaceful methods and practical means. Those who seek to improve their condition must respect the invested rights of property, for it is only by the enforcement of those rights that they hold the little wealth they now have, or may expect to gain in the future.

Capital alone is incompetent to the production of wealth. To be of use, it requires the assistance of both labor and consumption. To carry on wealth-producing operations there must necessarily be an investment of capital, the employment of labor, and the demand of a consumer. Each needs the assistance of the other, and each is entitled to an equitable share of the profit arising from the transactions in which they have mutual interests.

Commercial co-operation offers itself as an agent to secure even-handed justice. It says to capitalists, You shall have employment and receive a stipulated price for the use of your wealth; to laborers, You shall have work and be paid an agreed-upon price for your services, whether rendered by the strength of muscle or intelligence; to consumers, You shall have all articles or

goods at market price and without misrepresentation. If there be a profit after capital has received its wages—interest dividend—and labor has been paid as agreed, it shall be fairly divided between the three—capital, labor and custom. It is the policy of commercial co-operation that all parties assisting in production shall participate in the distribution of profits they have jointly helped to create. In this it does no injustice to individuals or communities.

Commercial co-operation is no untried experiment. Pioneered by the Englishmen of Rochdale, it has, in that country, for the past forty years, been engaged in solving the vital problem of the age. The Rochdale store, on the co-operative plan, was opened in 1844 with a capital of only \$93.97. The purchases for two weeks from the opening amounted to \$123.64. This was, to be sure, an humble beginning. But mark the growth of the enterprise in the course of twenty-two years:

Weekly Sales, 1844.	Weekly Sales, 1866.
Butter..... 50 lbs..... 220 barrels, or .. 15,400 lbs.	
Sugar..... 40 lbs..... 170 cwt., or..... 19,040 lbs.	
Flour..... 3 sacks..... 468 sacks	
Soap..... 56 lbs..... 2 tons, 13 cwt. or 5,936 lbs.	

The weekly receipts during the first fortnight of the society's operations did not average \$50. In 1866 the average weekly sales amounted to \$24,110, and the total for the year to \$1,253,720.

Unheralded by pomp or show, unsupported by titled names or by men of commercial or social distinction, co-operation has gone far towards effecting radical changes in the condition of England's working classes. That a just idea may be formed of the magnitude to which commercial co-operation has attained in England, we call attention to the following return made to Parliament in 1879:

Number of societies in operation.....	1,281
Number of members.....	551,364
Funds invested, share capital ..	\$27,439,790
Funds invested, loan capital.....	5,366,325
Total investment.....	\$32,806,115
Total sales, wholesale and retail.....	\$106,870,065
Total profits.....	\$9,335,525
Total retail distribution, sales.....	\$77,845,580
Total retail distribution, profits.....	\$8,489,525

The per centage of profit on the amount invested in the wholesale and retail business equaled twenty-eight per cent., and these profits have gone to the benefit of workmen and their families.

The workmen of this country are no less intelligent or energetic than those of England. Both have wrongs to right and grievances to redress; but while the former hope to find relief through some sort of political machinery or governmental action, the latter, with a firm reliance on their own efforts, are attaining to a higher and better condition. Just what co-operation is doing for the operatives of England it is capable of doing for the workmen of the United States. We commend the system to the earnest consideration of the more intelligent and thoughtful among our industrial classes.

THE CANDIDATES FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

THE tendency of our politics in recent years has been to belittle the office of Vice-President. The standards of capacity by which nominees for that office are measured have been steadily lowered until now the politicians hold anybody who can control votes to be "good enough for Vice-President." There could be no more grievous mistake. The office is, in point of fact, one of vast importance. The incumbent is liable at any moment, in the hazards of human life, to be called to the Chief Magistracy, and he should be equipped in the largest sense for that possible exigency. Under the present method of counting the Electoral vote, he exercises an authority and influence as to the determination of the Presidential issue which are practically absolute. In an evenly balanced Senate, his vote may finally decide questions affecting the interests of millions of people. Surely, no man without experience in affairs, or destitute of capacity to grapple with the broadest and weightiest issues, should occupy a place at once so dignified and so important.

Of the candidates now in nomination for the Vice-Presidency, Mr. English, the Democratic nominee, is unquestionably the more worthy of support. He has ability, experience and marked independence of character; he is without unsavory partisan entanglements, and he is more truly abreast of the dominant opinions of the country than the great majority of the Democratic leaders. When during his Congressional career he was called to face the question of the admission of Kansas under the Le-compton Constitution, which did not prohibit slavery, he courageously opposed the policy of his party, and finally, by his resolution, secured the passage of a Bill under which the people of the Territory, to whom the whole subject was referred, voted to assure its broad area to freedom for ever. During the recent war, Mr. English was thoroughly loyal to the Union,

and it may be said, comprehensively, that his public career has been in every way honorable, exhibiting throughout high statesmanlike qualities.

It will not be pretended by the most pronounced partisan that Mr. Arthur, the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, has any claim to public support based on considerations of peculiar fitness, experience or sympathy with the higher politics of the time. He is, undoubtedly, a gentleman of capacity and integrity of character, but he represents influences which have debauched our political life and is, admittedly, the candidate of "a machine" which has nothing whatever to recommend it. Personally, we believe him to be a better man than he is considered to be in the general conception of him, but he certainly would not bring to the office for which he is named either that acquaintance with affairs or that freedom from questionable alliances which must be regarded as essential to a proper discharge of its duties. To transfer the methods of the New York "machine" to the theatre of the national Senate, would be to invite the derision of all intelligent observers everywhere, and the country cannot afford thus to confess to a degeneracy of character which does not really exist.

We speak on this subject, as on all others of a political nature, from a purely non-partisan standpoint, and with no other motive than a desire to see the Vice-Presidential office restored, in the popular appreciation, to the high place which it should legitimately occupy. Let us elevate rather than degrade it, increase rather than diminish its dignities, making qualifications and character the controlling considerations in determining all our action concerning it.

OUR SHORTSIGHTEDNESS.

WHEN the people of a great city like New York adopt the happy-go-lucky plan in the conduct of their affairs, they must not be surprised if the experiment turns out badly. It never yet turned out well. It is of a piece with the folly of the man who brags of his contempt for the laws of health. Yet it seems a hopeless task to wake up the men who have a stake in this city to any adequate sense of the risks they are running and the calamities they are inviting. In vain the newspapers warn and exhort and scold; vainly a public-spirited citizen here and there lifts up his voice in the streets. Like Wisdom, he cries, and no man regards him. New Yorkers of intelligence and influence, of property and standing in the community, are too busy, apparently, too much absorbed in their private affairs, to have any time to spare for the affairs of the public, for looking after the common welfare and the common safety.

Take a single matter of vital importance—the preservation of the harbor. What does not New York owe to this harbor? What would she be without it? To it she is indebted for her position as the commercial capital of the Union, and one of the great trading cities of the world. Its hurt is her hurt; its destruction would be her destruction. For years, under the happy-go-lucky plan, ignorance and recklessness have been at work upon this harbor. The refuse of the city has been dumped into it, or just outside of it, to be washed in by the next flood tide. Shoals are found now where once was deep water. Year after year this work of destruction and ruin has been going on. How many New Yorkers, of the class we are referring to, have done anything towards stopping it? How many have given more than a passing thought to it?

Take another matter—our seaside resorts. New York is fortunate in having several fine ocean beaches almost at her doors. Millions of dollars have been invested in them. Some of the largest hotels in the world line them. If they are properly cared for—if due regard is had to sanitary laws—they will give pleasure and health to millions of people yet unborn. But if sewerage is neglected, if the filth of the city is dumped where it will drift in upon the beaches, if the excursion steamboats have to go on running the gantlet of the pestiferous stenches of Barren Island, which poison the air for miles around, the prosperity of these resorts will be as brief as it is phenomenal.

Take a more important matter—the condition of the streets, especially in those sections the city where the population is densest. If any New Yorker does not know what this condition is, let him take a walk through the heart of the East side. So many years have passed now since the pestilence was here that it has become to most of us as unreal as an ugly dream. But what assurance have we that this immunity will last? Even during this respite, rich New York is paying dearer than it has any notion of for its neglect of poor New York. The night-winds are no respecters of persons. They gather up the poisons that reek and seethe in these uncared-for tenement-house streets, and carry them far—as far as Murray Hill, as far as the furthest stately mansion on Fifth Avenue. Yet

Summer follows Summer, and the streets are not cleaned, and New York grumbles and does nothing!

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

ALTHOUGH almost ten years have passed since the crimes committed by the French Commune brought down the general denunciation of mankind, there are many persons who still believe that those engaged in it should not be amnestied. Even since that time the French Ministry has always been opposed to a complete amnesty, and M. Gambetta, who is in many ways the foremost man in France, was strongly against it. The rapid spread of radical opinions in France has now made these statesmen change their views, and the Chamber of Deputies has granted a full pardon to all the persons engaged in the Commune. Gambetta, in a speech of wonderful power, supported the side of the Communists, and it must have been a bitter pill for the great orator to be obliged to take up the cause so long identified with his rival Clemenceau, and to vote for the return of such a man as Rochefort. The principal immediate cause of the granting of the amnesty is the growing political sagacity which the extreme Radicals have shown. At Lyons, Blanqui received a plurality of votes but not a sufficient majority to return him. He was opposed by two other candidates, one an Ultra-radical, the other a radical Opportunist, supported by Gambetta and the Government. When it appeared that Blanqui could not beat these two candidates, they were withdrawn, and Ballue was nominated and elected. Ballue is the President of the Lyons Municipal Council, a body rivaling the similar councils of Paris and Marseilles in the intensity of the socialistic sentiments of its members. The new deputy is as irreconcilable a Radical as Blanqui himself, but he is a believer in diplomacy instead of barricades. His election at once opened the eyes of the Government to the advanced political sagacity of their opponents, and the plenary amnesty has been the outcome of the election at Lyons.

Another reason why the granting of the amnesty was hurried forward was to enable the exiled Communists to be in Paris upon the 14th of July—the anniversary of the capture of the Bastille—which day has been made a national holiday. Upon that day a political oath is to be imposed upon the whole army, and flags will be distributed. The choice of the day for the military performance is criticised as a particularly unfortunate one. The part which the army took upon that day was certainly not that of freedom, as the massacre of Sombreuil and his soldiers proves. These, no matter what we may think of the cause they defended, at least died in the performance of their duty. The distribution of flags on a national holiday seems to be in even worse taste. While France is recruiting her forces after the terrible disasters which befell her arms in the Franco-Prussian war, it would have been wise to have avoided all mention of the flags which were so gallantly carried through the Crimea, Italy and Algeria. Those flags are now in Berlin, and the presentation of new colors upon the first national holiday can do nothing but stir up unpleasant memories of the past and make July 14th a day of sorrow and fasting rather than a holiday.

In England the Bradlaugh case, as elsewhere shown, still continues to excite great interest. It is not as yet certain what course Mr. Bradlaugh will pursue, but there is little chance of his retiring quietly from the field. Meantime, Mr. Gladstone has injured himself by the vacillation of his conduct and by the lukewarm support which he gave Mr. Bradlaugh. Sir Stafford Northcote, the leader of the Opposition, was obliged to take the initiative and to ask the House to deal with the case. This was properly Mr. Gladstone's duty as Prime Minister and leader of the House of Commons, and his failure to act decisively is very severely commented upon.

The scandalous Tichborne case has been raked up once more. It will be remembered that a butcher named Arthur Orton came to England and represented himself as Roger Tichborne, the heir to the great Tichborne estates, who was supposed to have been lost at sea many years before. This person began a lawsuit in which he laid claim to the estates, and after a trial, which for duration and exciting incidents has never been equaled, a verdict was given against him. The claimant's perjury was so flagrant that the judge who presided ordered him to be tried on the criminal charge of perjury. There were three separate charges of perjury in the indictment, and he was found guilty upon them all. The Chief Justice of England, before whom the trial took place, sentenced him to two consecutive terms of imprisonment of seven years—one for each of two of the charges. The first seven years has now expired, and an attempt has been made to show that it is illegal to sentence a man twice for what was absolutely the same offense. On the other hand, it was pointed out that the two charges referred to two entirely different things, and that because a man has been punished once for perjury he has not a consequent right to commit perjury for the remainder of his days. The Court of Appeals, on June 26th, gave judgment denying the application of the claimant to have the two sentences passed upon him made concurrent instead of consecutive.

The Jesuits who have been expelled from France are seeking homes in other countries. Many of them have gone to Spain, and King Alfonso has issued a circular to the governors of different provinces ordering them to prevent any Jesuits expelled from France from establishing colleges or houses near the French frontier. In the other provinces the Government reserves to itself the right to inquire into their claims and to authorize them to establish themselves if everything is satisfactory. The crusade against religion in

France is by no means over, and Monsigneur Freppel, who has just been elected a Deputy from Brest, is exactly the kind of man to stir up more trouble. He is one of the most combative members of the Church Militant, and his presence in an Assembly where there is an overwhelmingly Republican majority will probably lead to anything rather than to inspire moderation among the enemies of the Church.

The tide of immigration continues to pour in with unabated volume. In one day last week, 2,715 immigrants landed at this port, the majority being Germans, Swedes and Scandinavians.

Now that both political parties have pledged themselves to maintain "a free ballot in every part of the United States" may we expect that rifle-clubs shot guns, etc., will no longer be employed as electioneering arguments in the South, and that factory operatives in Massachusetts will be permitted to vote as they please and not as their employers command?

The census returns for this city, now complete as to a few small districts, place the total population at 1,207,215. This is a gain in ten years of 264,973, and of 691,668 since 1850. In other words, the population of the metropolis has doubled within thirty years. The population of Brooklyn is stated at 560,000, a gain of 78,000 since 1875. Counting the population of all our suburbs, it may fairly be said that our metropolitan supremacy is in no danger whatever of successful rivalry.

JULES VERNE'S "Around the World in Eighty Days" has been outdone by Mr. Ismay, of the White Star Line, who, leaving Liverpool March 13th, reached this city by way of Egypt, India, China and Japan on June 19th, having traveled 22,320 miles in sixty-six days, exclusive of stoppages at different points. After allowing for nine days' passage to Liverpool, the total time required for the trip around the world would be seventy-five days, or five days less than the time required by the traveler in Verne's story.

The Democratic platform declares for "honest money, consisting of gold and silver and paper, convertible to coin on demand." Down in Maine, where the party has surrendered to the Greenbackers, this declaration will scarcely awaken a very cordial response. The truth is that, on the financial question, the Democratic Party occupies a position which, so long as the votes of its Representatives in Congress contravene its declarations, must repel the sympathy of the real friends of a sound financial policy.

FEDERAL office-holders in this city are already being assessed for campaign purposes by the Republican Congressional Committee. The rate of contribution demanded is two per cent. on the salaries of officials. The circulars issued by the committee say that it is "authorized to state that such voluntary contribution from persons employed in the service of the United States will not be objected to in any official quarter." This probably means that the President and heads of departments have made up their minds to ignore all Civil Service promises and regulations in order to "save the party."

The steamer *Gulnare*, which is to convey the Howgate expedition party to the Polar regions, sailed from Washington, June 21st. She will touch at Halifax and St. Johns, and then proceed directly to Greenland. After landing the permanent colony on Lady Franklin Bay, the steamer will return to the United States and be loaded with supplies and such other articles as may be needed, and will then sail again for the Bay with another land party to take the place of the one now sent out, which will explore the interior of the Arctic country. An abundance of dogs and sleighs have been provided, together with experienced guides, who will be employed in the advance towards the Pole.

The Cobden Club of London has undertaken to enlighten American farmers as to the evils of the protective system. To this end the Club is publishing pamphlets for distribution throughout the West in which the advantages of free trade are set forth in glowing terms. In one of these pamphlets, the writer estimates that the farmers of the great Central and Western States expend annually \$1,400,000,000 in manufactured goods; and these our British cousins would, of course, be only too happy to supply. We suspect that it is not so much solicitude for the American farmer as anxiety to build up British manufactures that impels the Cobden Club to engage in the distribution of its pamphlets on this side of the water.

The United States Minister at Madrid has been instructed to make an energetic protest against the conduct of the Spanish gunboats and revenue cutters in Spanish waters in molesting and otherwise interfering with American vessels. The case of the *Elen Merritt*, referred to by us last week, is not the first instance in which foreign ships have been fired into, chased and stopped by Spanish war cruisers even outside the waters over which Spain has jurisdiction. Within a period of less than eighteen months Spain has had to pay \$10,000 for a similar aggression on an English steamer, \$23,000 for aggressions on German vessels, and one heavy fine for having stopped an American ship. It has now been determined by the Governments of the United States, Great Britain and Germany that these repeated aggressions by the Spanish cruisers

shall come to an end, and it is said that these Powers will, in the event of a repetition of the outrages, insist not only on the payment of damages, but also on the punishment of the Spanish officers by whom the offenses may be committed.

THERE are a good many people who believe that the Grant managers are not particularly solicitous for the success of General Garfield in the coming canvass. It is said, indeed, that Senator Cameron may consent to serve as Chairman of the National Republican Committee; but he may do so rather to retain his hold upon the "machine" than from a desire to promote the fortunes of the party candidates. Garfield's defeat would enable the "triumvirate" to exclaim: "We told you so; if you had rallied on Grant, we could have won"; and this would prove a perfect solace for all the woes suffered at Chicago. Conkling, Logan and Cameron still believe in Grant for 1884, and any disaster that would reconcile the party to his nomination then would be welcome to them.

MANY of the excursion boats running to the seaside resorts within reach of the city are utterly unfit for the service in which they are employed. Some of them are old and are run in utter violation of the laws of safety. Inquiry by a *World* reporter seems to establish the fact that when a boat has grown too old and unseaworthy to be employed in any regular service, she is turned into an excursion boat. Many of the steamers now advertised for excursion boats are running without having obtained the permit required by law from the United States Inspector of Steamboats, and none of them ever pretends to comply with the State laws in all respects. One of these days there will be a wholesale disaster on one of these overloaded and dilapidated "rattle-traps," and then the authorities will wake up for a time and demand that the laws shall be complied with, only to lapse again into indifference when the public excitement has subsided. Individual citizens can do a good deal to compel obedience to the requirements of law by prosecuting the owners and managers of steamers which habitually disregard them, and disagreeable as the work may be, it should be taken up and carried forward in the interests of public safety now so generally endangered.

THE Cincinnati Convention snuffed out a good many burning ambitions. The most conspicuous victim was, perhaps, Senator Thurman, whose public career may now be considered at an end. The fate of this distinguished gentleman is certainly lamentable. One of the ablest men of his party, and representing its best impulses as to every question except one, he has gone into eclipse because, as to that one issue of supreme importance, he permitted his ambition to lead him astray, and sacrifice both his own record and the traditional principles of the party faith. Had Mr. Thurman vigorously resisted the financial craze which for a time swept over the country, menacing every great public interest, he would stand to day among our foremost and most influential statesmen, and, even in retirement, would be remembered with gratitude and profound respect. But he subordinated principle to expediency, and he is to-day, with all his commanding intellectual ability and his admitted personal purity, a completely baffled and disappointed man. That a career which promised such grand results should have this termination is pitiable indeed.

THE survey of the proposed ship canal across the Florida peninsula has just been completed by General Gilmore and his corps of engineers. The official report estimates the cost of the work at \$50,000,000, and says that, with the canal dues fixed at twenty-eight cents per ton of registered tonnage, the tolls on a little more than two-thirds of the amount of tonnage which passed through the Straits of Florida during the last fiscal year would enable the canal to pay its current expenses. It is added, however, that in order to pay, besides five per cent. interest on the construction capital, four times the tonnage of last year must pass through the canal. It is very doubtful whether, under the most favorable circumstances, the canal tonnage can be thus quadrupled, and at any rate it is quite safe to conclude that the Government cannot afford at this time to invest \$50,000,000 of the people's money in any such enterprise as is here proposed.

THE recent Commencement exercises at Princeton College were saddened by the fact of the death of six students, and the sickness of fifteen others from malarial fever, arising from the defective drainage of the college buildings. Friends of the institution, however, will be gratified to learn that efficient measures have been taken to remove the causes of disease, and that by the opening of the Autumn term all the buildings will be placed in a perfectly healthy condition. The finances of the college are reported to be on a sound basis. During the past year gifts have been received amounting to \$200,000, and there is no debt. A new telescope has been ordered at a cost of \$30,000. Plans have been prepared for a new chapel, the gift of Mr. Henry Marquand, and work is to be begun upon it immediately. Anglo-Saxon has been added to the curriculum, and new courses for past graduates will be established. The influence which Princeton has exerted upon the thought and culture of the country has been very great, and the fact that its future promises to be no less brilliant than its past, is full of encouragement for all who understand the intimate relation between the highest education and the development of the best forms of national life.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

Twenty-five buildings at Kendall, Pa., were destroyed by fire on June 25th.

The army-worm has appeared in some parts of New York and New Hampshire.

The wheat crop now being harvested in Ohio will, without doubt, be the largest one ever raised in the State.

The census makes the population of Boston about 352,000. In 1870 that of the same territory was 295,599.

The ship *Constellation*, which carried American bounty to Ireland, arrived at this port June 25th, from Queenstown.

PRESIDENT HAYES attended the Commencement exercises at Kenyon College, Ohio, on June 24d, and made a brief address.

The two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Order of the Christian Brothers was celebrated in Baltimore on June 24th.

The combined anthracite coal interests have decided to continue the present plan of working three days alternately in each week during July.

The Republicans of the Second Maine District have nominated W. P. Frye for Congress, and those of the Fourth have nominated Captain C. A. Boutelle.

The Greenback-Labor Party of Vermont has nominated M. O. Heath for Governor. In Texas the Greenback candidate for Governor is W. H. Hammon.

Our Consul-General at Shanghai reports that an American manufacturing company has met with remarkable success in the introduction of clocks into China.

The Supervising Inspector of Steamboats for New York reports that he has already taken steps to ascertain whether the inspections of the *Narragansett* were properly made by the local board.

The report of the West Point examinations recommends the dismissal of Whittaker. It has not yet been acted on at Washington. Whittaker may be granted a court-martial on the subject of his mutilation.

NEARLY 600 passengers for Europe sailed from this port on Saturday last. Among them was Receiver Jewett, of the Erie Railway, and family. The tide of European travel has scarcely ever been greater than now.

The Mexican authorities declined to sanction the request of the United States that General Hatch be permitted to follow Victoria's band of hostile Apaches across the border into Mexico, where they have taken refuge.

GOVERNOR DAVIS has been nominated for reelection by the Republicans of Maine. In Vermont the Republicans have nominated Colonel Roswell Farnham for Governor, and John I. Barstow for Lieutenant-Governor.

The Democracy in all parts of the country manifest great enthusiasm over the nomination of General Hancock, and have overwhelmed him with congratulations. Ratification meetings have already been held in several cities.

Our Minister at Vienna reports that the large and increasing emigration among the Hungarians is attracting public attention, and that the advisability of checking it by granting public lands in Hungary to the destitute is under discussion.

The Grand Jury of this city has indicted Henry J. Dudley, Superintendent of the Department of Public Buildings, for alleged persistent violation of the laws of the State in allowing buildings to be erected in such a manner as to endanger the lives of the citizens.

The steamboat *City of New York*, of the Alexandre line, between New York and Mexico, took fire on June 23d at Robert's wharves, Brooklyn, and was towed into the stream, where she and what cargo she had on board were destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$300,000.

At an Emigration Convention held in Iowa last week it was shown that there are hundreds of thousands of acres of choice lands still open to settlement which may be had at \$3 to \$10 an acre, and that the immigration of thrifty settlers to Northwestern Iowa was never so large as now.

Foreign.

The Spanish Cortes was prorogued April 22d.

The Burial Bill has passed the British House of Lords.

M. BILLIE has been appointed Danish Minister to the United States.

The American colony in Paris will celebrate the Fourth of July as usual.

The murderer of Hon. George Brown, at Toronto, has been sentenced to death.

The Spanish Council of State has adopted a Bill forbidding the corporal punishment of negroes in Cuba.

HENRI ROCHEFORT will establish a radical newspaper in Paris if the amnesty proposition shall prevail in the Senate.

REPORTS from Ireland assert that eight months of severe distress remain to be faced, and that contributions have greatly fallen off.

The triumph of the Italian Clericals in the late municipal elections was overwhelming and was due to a coalition with the Conservatives.

ADVISES have been received at the Department of State that the Egyptian obelisk is expected to reach New York about the 15th of July.

The news from Buenos Ayres is that the Federals won a victory on June 23d, but were repulsed in an attempt to enter the city on the 24th.

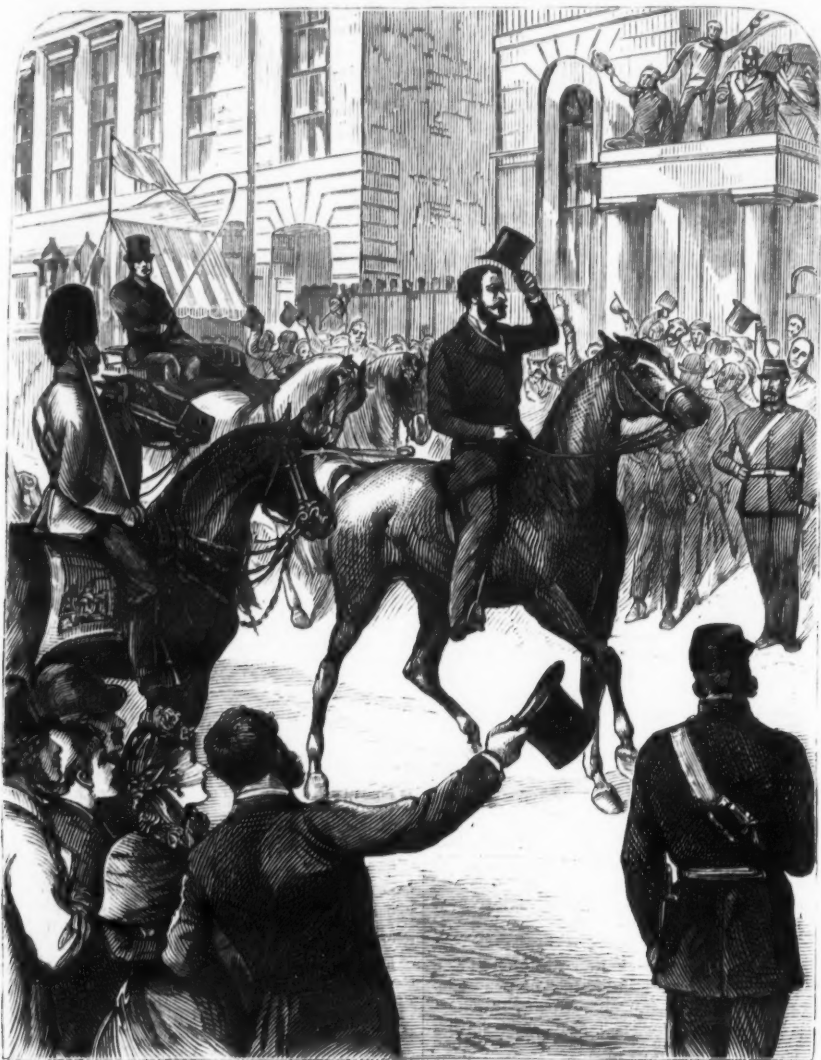
The Supplementary Berlin Conference has practically concluded its labors by adopting a new frontier line for Greece, which the Powers will require Turkey to carry into effect.

FRESH labor troubles are imminent in the north and northwest Lancashire districts of England, where a promised advance of five per cent. in the wages of the operatives is insisted upon.

The House of Lords has rejected by 101 to 90 the Bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The House of Commons has passed the Bill for closing public houses on Sunday in England and Wales.

It is believed that Gambetta's action on the amnesty question will hasten a general election in France. All the judicial officers of the court of Versailles have resigned to avoid carrying into effect the decree concerning religious societies.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 319.



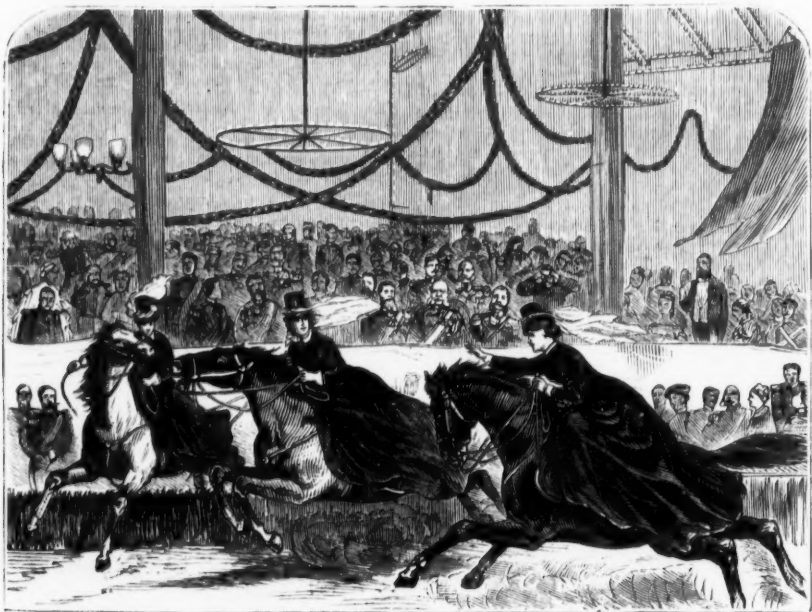
IRELAND.—FORMAL ENTRY OF THE LORD-LIEUTENANT INTO DUBLIN.



GERMANY.—THE ELECTRICAL RAILROAD IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT BERLIN.



ENGLAND.—OFFICERS' QUARTERS IN THE KNIGHTSBRIDGE BARRACKS, LONDON.



GERMANY.—A CHASE FOR A KNOT BEFORE THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.



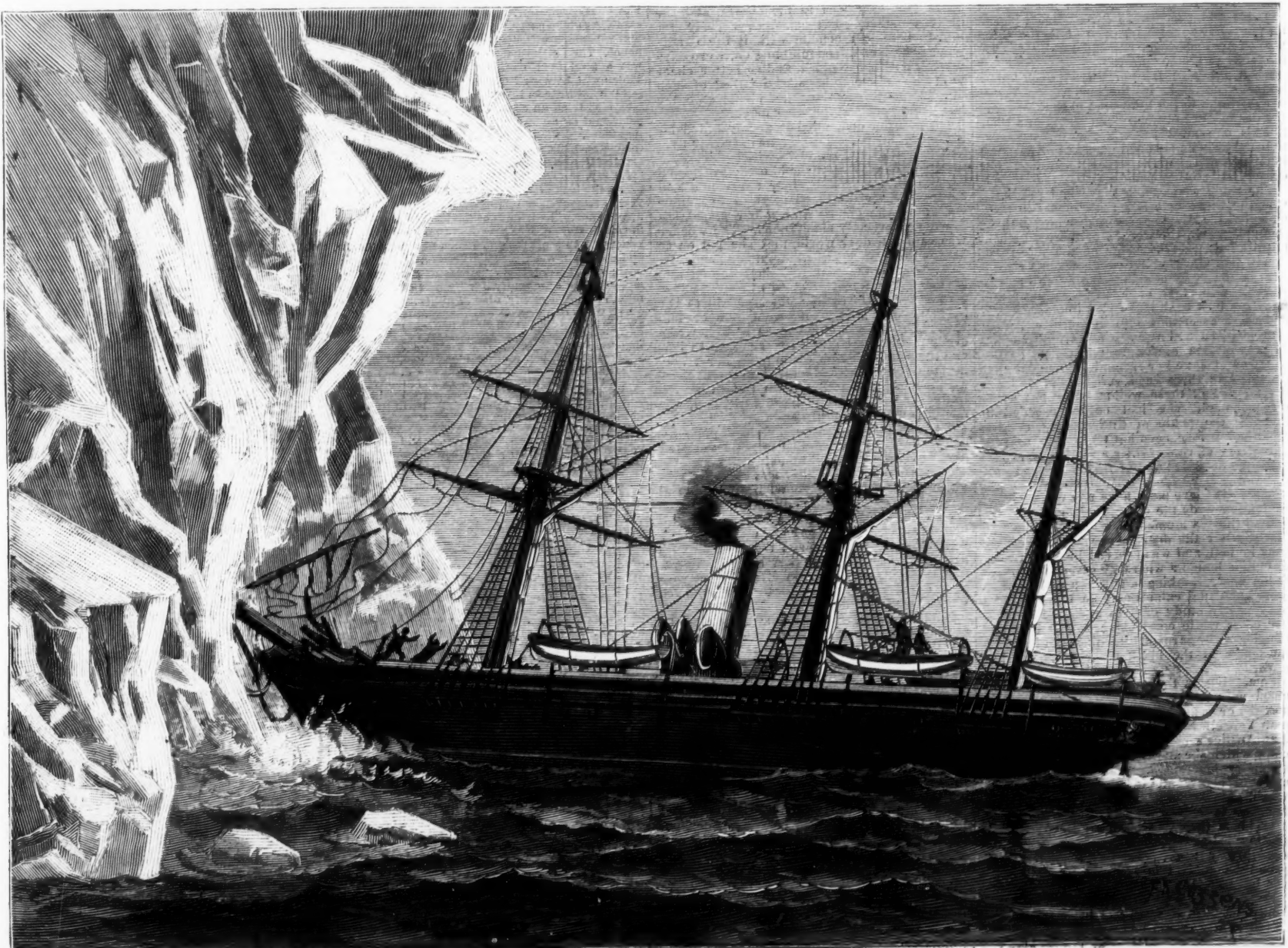
ITALY.—FEEDING THE POOR IN THE SAN LORENZO DISTRICT, NAPLES.



BELGIUM.—THE JUBILEE OF INDEPENDENCE—THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDING AT BRUSSELS.



RHODE ISLAND.—THE CHILDREN'S NEW DIVERTISEMENT —PAYING HOMAGE TO THE QUEEN IN A PRIVATE GARDEN AT NEWPORT.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN AMATEUR ARTIST.
SEE PAGE 319.



NEWFOUNDLAND.—COLLISION BETWEEN H. M. S. "FLAMINGO" AND AN ICEBERG, ON THE FISHING-BANKS, JUNE 12TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. HAYWARD.—SEE PAGE 319.

ONLY FRIENDS.

"TELL you, Rita, this is nothing more nor less than a flirtation!"

It was a very decided voice that gave utterance to this sweeping assertion, and the lady who possessed it was one of those bright, up-and-down girls, essentially American, who, having an immensity of "go" in them, have nevertheless hearts in the right places; but for once it would seem that she had allowed sincerity to push discretion to its limits, for a flush of anger came into the clear white cheeks of her companion, and a steely gleam of indignation flashed into the generous blue eyes confronting her as their owner answered:

"You should be well assured of your position to bring such an accusation against me, Annah!"

"There is not the slightest occasion to put yourself in a rage, Rita. You have all our lives given the freest expression of your opinions in the matter of such 'goings on' of mine as did not quite suit your exalted ideas of propriety, and I have every right to hold my tongue and be happy when, for once in a way, I see you stepping a trifle down from your immaculate position in imitation of the prevailing fashion of this naughty world. But, Rita, I know you in and out too well to believe you capable of coming comfortably through an 'affair' as another woman would. Your ideal views of men and things are sure to bring you to grief when you undertake to put them into effect in real life, and—and—well, the truth is, I cannot afford to lose faith in everything, nor am I so shallow a friend as to be able to look calmly on and see you play with a fire that I know will end in burning you!"

This was a long and a surprisingly serious speech for impulsive, volatile Annah Clare, and before it was finished something like tears trembled in the eyes of both speaker and listener. All resentment had faded out of the face of Rita Anstice, but there was a shadow of nervous impatience disturbing her voice when after a moment she spoke.

"I do not think you quite comprehend, Annah, that my relations with Ernest Forsyth hold nothing that you could condemn. We are simply and only the most congenial and best of friends, and it is absurd that you who know me so well should imagine anything else possible."

"If you for a moment believe that I think you capable of willfully trifling with your own honor or Ernest Forsyth's happiness, you do me a wrong. You are a much wiser woman than I, Rita, but for once I think my practical knowledge of life more to be relied upon than your beliefs. Depend upon it, there is no such thing as friendship between a man and woman unless youth has passed for one or the other, and you will come to my way of thinking when some morning you awaken to find that society has transformed your tame cat into a lover!"

"Annah!"

"Rita! You are shocked and indignant at the idea, and, perhaps, I have wounded you to no purpose—needlessly, even—but the thing was on my conscience and must out. Let me make my peace now and go."

Then the two friends kissed each other amicably as might be, the one having tested her devotion to the uttermost in thus braving the displeasure of the woman whom of all her friends she most valued; the other sorely touched in her pride and tried in her patience that any one should so dare to become her censor, and so they parted.

The thing that Annah Clare had predicted was the thing that had really come to pass. One of those stinging creatures who purchase immunity from the world's criticisms by constituting themselves judge of the morals of others had elevated her eyebrows in a significant manner in coupling the name of Mrs. Anstice with that of Ernest Forsyth; and knowing how such looks pass into assertions, and these assertions into allegations, Annah Clare had rushed away to her friend, hoping by a word in season to warn Rita of the danger and save her from all knowledge that slander had threatened. Alas, as is too often the fortune of these well meaning, but over-direct people, she had only succeeded in touching the pride of Rita Anstice, making what had before been but the simple, natural indulgence of congeniality a matter of principle to be defended and vindicated at any cost or pains.

And Miss Clare must have met the object of contention upon the disputed ground had she waited there a moment longer, since she had scarcely left the door before Ernest Forsyth rang his bell, and was ushered into the pretty Egyptian boudoir where Rita Anstice still sat in her chair, thinking intently—a little shaken from her usual calm it may be, but making a very pretty study of light and shadow, with her clear white complexion, golden hair and clinging white garments, defining exquisite outlines against the black satin lining of her *chaise longue*.

Something in the young man's face as he stood a moment regarding her from the *portière*, or something, perhaps, in the young man himself, further disturbed the current of Mrs. Anstice's meditation, because a flush of color which she angrily tried to control surged up under her milk-white skin, and there was more of constraint in her greeting than she would have willed had she full control of her faculties at the moment.

"This is the effect of Annah Clare's absurd gossip!" she told herself, resentfully, and straightway rushed to the other extreme, proudly confident of herself, of her motives and her friend.

Such a pleasant afternoon as these two human creatures passed together comes rarely to the highly organized of earth, because the true charm of all thoughtful intercourse lies in that near approach to the inexpressible in which two minds attain the power of filling in

the blanks for which language has furnished us no adequate forms of expression.

Inheriting a nature at once poetic, imaginative and thoroughly true, Rita Anstice had married her direct opposite in all these things simply and solely for the incomprehensible reason that she loved him.

Her husband was eminently a good fellow—honest, downright and correct of habit; handsome, too, and strong, but—

"A primrose on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him;"

and, while she had known this to be true of him, Rita entertained some utterly impossible views in regard to the growing together of husband and wife, which the first few years of her married life had made holocaust of.

At first this task of disillusionment had filled her with dread of the future, and given her an ache of heart; but her natural good sense had lifted her over this slough. Reason taught her that all the qualities by which Harry Anstice won her love he still possessed; therefore she could but go on loving him, which she did with such satisfaction to either party as brought them to the consideration of themselves and their friends a model pair.

Nevertheless, it is in us to long to talk our hearts out to some one who comprehends and who also sees more of life than his chrysalis, if we chance to be of the spiritual rather than the material order of beings; consequently when chance, or whatever it may be called, threw Rita Anstice and Ernest Forsyth together in a crowd, out of the multitude each singled the other by some subtle unseen sympathy, and immediately they were friends.

No one was more bitter against the species of woman denominated as married flirts than Rita Anstice; no man held in such utter detestation those creatures who think no game worth pursuing unless the marriage bond proscribes it as Ernest Forsyth; and yet at receptions where Rita did not dance because, forsooth, her husband was not a dancing man, Ernest invariably sat the German out with her, absorbed in conversations in which they found so much in common. Was there a picture incomprehensible to everyday minds they must see it together, and each day brought some new mutual interest in the world of books, music and speculation, that they must discuss until the pair had become the shadows of each other, foolishly confident in their own irreproachable souls and ignoring the eyes of the outer world most completely.

And who will say that big, self-sufficient Harry Anstice was not somewhat to blame for this state of affairs. He had never taken the trouble to interest himself in the things that interested his wife, and which appeared to him marvelously like nonsense. Proud of her high bred grace, her winning face, charming manner and cleverness, and assured of her affection, he could see no reason why these qualifications in themselves should not make and keep her happy. Therefore, the days when her head was in the clouds, and her arms outstretched themselves eagerly for human help to reconcile with it the earthly where her feet were stumbling on, were days which he rather avoided, finding better cheer with those other fellows who talked of such tangible matters as the four-in-hand club, the last yacht race and the stock market.

His position demanded it, and it suited his pride that his wife should shine in society; yet he hated balls and high teas with equal heartiness, and whenever he could escape them did so, and Rita was altogether too young and agreeable a woman to be allowed to confine herself to the elderly among her associates, however correctly chaperoned. The wonder was, said the dear world, that she got on so long without an *affaire* upon her hands.

Without knowing it, Rita had drifted into revealing her inmost thoughts to Ernest Forsyth as she never could and never had to her husband, and surely no man had ever laid his soul so bare to woman as he to her. In every trouble and perplexity he came to her, and the strength of his claim upon her rested in the fact that she had found him one of those rare men who hold their own purity as vital to their moral health as in the religion of women it is made imperative.

"Assuredly two people so rigid in principle and so faithful in practice might trust each other to do no wrong," thought Rita, and yet she experienced a certain self-consciousness under her husband's eye when they met at dinner after her long, delightful afternoon with Ernest Forsyth, and a certain sense of reassurance in his presence which led her weakly to beg him to spend the evening with her, recalling with some little self-commiseration that such evenings had been some ages ago—evenings in which both had believed themselves happy.

But blundering Harry felt something in the atmosphere that was foggy—he felt it to be his duty to get out among the "bells and bears" in order to get the tone of the "market." Forsyth, or some one else, would be in, he thought, and he would make a point of coming in early.

A species of desperation seized hold upon Rita when she could no longer hear her husband's footfall upon the stairs. "It was all that nasty preachment of Annah's," she told herself; but all the same she was miserable, and for the first time shivered in her soul, assailed by doubts of herself, of Ernest—even of her husband, whose love seemed grown lukewarm in these latter days.

Forsyth would undoubtedly be in, and for a moment she was coward enough to think of denying herself to him. But if she did this to-night, to-morrow would come when she must inevitably meet him, and it were better to see him now, in some way to rest her of these miserable doubts, and be at peace.

"If he were only married," she thought; then, "Why is he not—why should he not be?" And then he came, unannounced, un-

ceremoniously, as was his habit, into the room.

Heavens! how horrible were the blanks to be filled in to-night. She wondered in dismay if, as so often had been the case, his thought were following her own. At last, with a courage born of desperation, she said:

"Ernest, why is it that you do not marry?"

It was a fatal question. He had never asked it of himself, but a reckless, aimless hand had broken through the crust of his inner consciousness, smothering the words upon his lips, but drawing his eyes resistlessly to the face before him whereon his answer was written.

"Is it that you have never loved any one?" asked she, with maddest persistence, doing the very thing she was trying to escape in her frantic eagerness to get on and over that awful first blunder, the full mischievousness of which had flashed upon her intelligence, even as the gates were unlocked.

How terrible the moment that followed! Crouching low in her chair, Rita lifted two piteous hands as if to ward off a mortal danger, while Ernest Forsyth, white as if death had suddenly smitten him, withdrew himself a pace, and, shivering in all his frame, pressed one hand tightly upon his eyelids as though a sudden light had blinded him.

It was an awful silence in which those two met and drew back from a chasm yawning black at their feet; but no unseemly word was spoken—nothing that careless Harry would have been hurt to hear, or that the Recording Angel might blush to write. Presently Ernest Forsyth got unsteadily upon his feet, and, with his hat in his hand, said in a voice that no effort could make clear:

"I am going to California immediately. No one will be surprised that I start precipitately, since the journey has been long in contemplation. Good-by!"

"Good-by!" a whisper echoes, and the door is shut. They have not spoken each other's name, nor trusted nature with a handshake, and there is no particular damage done, perhaps; but Harry, notwithstanding that he made a point of doing otherwise, is unavoidably late upon this particular night, and is rather rejoiced to find the lights burning low and Rita silent upon her pillow, while Annah Clare, who watches the course of events narrowly for some days, concludes that she was wrong in all but her hypothesis, and is happy that circumstances prevented a scandal. And, how wise we all are, to be sure!

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

RESULTS OF THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THE National Democratic Convention, held at Cincinnati last week, was marked by a degree of confidence and enthusiasm not at all unnatural in view of the grand opportunity which the present condition of our politics affords that party for the recovery of power in the nation. The Convention was fairly representative of the best and highest character of the party, including among its members many persons of conspicuous ability and prominence. The preliminary caucusing of the delegates was a good deal confused by the letter of Mr. Tilden withdrawing from the contest, many regarding it as sincere in its expressions, while others interpreted it as an appeal to the sympathy of delegates and as an artful bid for the nomination on that basis. Difficulties in the Ohio delegation as to the claims of Senator Thurman and Mr. Payne respectively also aggravated the confusion and uncertainty, the smaller States naturally inclining to follow the lead of the great States of Ohio and New York. Encouraged by the collisions and disagreements among the leading candidates, the supporters of less prominent aspirants labored vigorously to boost their favorites into prominence, and the result was that when the Convention met at noon, on June 22d, the prize was open to the field, no candidate apparently having a sufficiently formidable vote to justify a belief in his success.

The work of the first day's session was devoted simply to the completion of the temporary organization. The Convention was called to order by Mr. Barnum, Chairman of the National Convention, after which prayer was offered by Rev. Charles A. Wendte, of Cincinnati. Hon. George J. Hoadly, of Ohio, was then made temporary chairman, and made a brief speech. He said that he had his favorite for the nomination, but while in the chair he should be neither the friend nor the foe of any candidate; he hoped the National Democratic Party, which, if again successful, could not again be defrauded, and when he referred to Mr. Tilden, there was a great demonstration of enthusiasm. He declared that the delegates were there, not as representing Congressional Districts, but as representing the people—a sentiment which provoked further applause.

F. O. Prince, of Massachusetts, was then made temporary secretary, with six assistants. The rules of the last Convention of the party were adopted *pro tem.*, and the roll was then called for the appointment of the regular committees. When the State of New York was called, John Kelly rose from a seat back of the delegates, and asked that he might be heard. At this there was a great deal of confusion. Cheers and hisses broke out all over the hall, and there were shouts of "Regular order," "Sit down," "Put him out." The chairman refused to recognize Mr. Kelly, and said the call must proceed. John B. Haskin also tried to be heard, but, like Mr. Kelly, was not permitted to speak. Mr. Kelly stood up until after the call of New York was completed, when he sat down. At a subsequent meeting of the Committee on Credentials the demand of the Tammany Hall delegation for one-half of the vote of New York was rejected by the decisive vote of 32 to 4. Having completed its organization, the Convention adjourned until 10 A. M. on Wednesday.

The second day's session opened with prayer, which was followed by the presentation of the majority report of the Committee on Credentials. This report advised that both delegations from Massachusetts be seated, and that the sitting delegates from the Twenty-sixth District of Pennsylvania and from the State of New York be allowed to retain their places. A minority report was read by Mr. Carroll, of Kansas, advising that Tammany Hall be allowed to have twenty seats. Arguments in behalf of each of the reports were made. Mr. John Kelly was asked to present the case of Tammany, but he was not present, and the argument on that side was made by Geo. W. Miller, ex-Governor Hubbard, of Texas, and Judge Amasa J. Parker, who declared that he and his associates from the rural districts would support any ticket that might be nominated. The Tammany report was opposed, in behalf of the regular delegation, by several speakers, among whom was Mr. John R. Fellows, of this city, who declared that Mr. Kelly had publicly

threatened to bolt and put up a separate electoral ticket if Mr. Tilden were nominated. The conclusion of the whole matter was that the regular majority report was adopted, the regular delegation was admitted, and Tammany was excluded—permission being accorded, however, to the Tammany contingent to occupy seats on the floor. The vote to substitute the minority for the majority report was lost by 205 to 457.

The report of the Committee on Permanent Organization was next adopted, ex-Governor Stevenson, of Kentucky, being made permanent chairman. Colonel Stevenson urged the selection of the strongest possible candidates, closing his speech as follows: "The people want a change. They are tired of misrule. They are tired of interference with the popular right of suffrage. They are sickened and disgusted with the military which attempt to coerce them. They are tired of onerous taxation, and all that you have to do, my friends, gentlemen of the Democratic Party, is to nominate two tried, enlightened, pure and experienced Democrats who every inch shall be patriots worthy of the support of yourselves, and worthy of the support of the country. That I know you will do. Not attempting to delay you longer, I close with a simple appeal to let your nominees demand your support, and there will be triumphal joy from every delegate and from every Democrat."

The Committee on Resolutions not being ready to report, the roll of States was called for the presentation of names of candidates. Judge Field was nominated by California; Senator Bayard, by Delaware; Mr. Morrison, by Illinois; Mr. Hendricks, by Indiana; Mr. Thurman, by Ohio; and General Hancock by Pennsylvania. The names of the New York delegation were not formally presented. One ballot was taken, resulting as follows:

Whole vote cast, 735 1/2.	Bayard, 153 1/2; Field, 65; Morrison, 62; Hendricks, 49; Hancock, 171; Thurman, 68 1/2; Seymour, 8; Loveland, 5; Payne, 81; McDonald, 3; Randall, 6; Tilden, 38; Lothrop, 1; McClellan, 3; Black, 1; English, 1; Parker, 1; Jewett, 1; Ewing, 10. Not being prepared for a second ballot, the Convention then adjourned until 10 A. M. on Thursday.
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The third day's session opened with a statement from Mr. Peckham, of New York, that Mr. Tilden's withdrawal was absolute, and that the New York delegation would, therefore, support Mr. Randall. The Convention then proceeded to ballot for a nomination, with the following result:

Whole number of votes.....	736
Necessary to a choice.....	491
Hancock.....	319
Randall.....	113 1/2
Bayard.....	113
Field.....	65 1/2
Thurman.....	50
Hendricks.....	31
English.....	19
Tilden.....	6
Scattering.....	3

Before the vote was announced officially, Wisconsin asked permission to change and cast her 20 ballots for Hancock. The Convention was instantly in a state of great excitement and confusion. New Jersey next gave her 18 votes to Hancock, and Pennsylvania, following, cast her vote for him solid also. The excitement was now intense. The Hancock banner was advanced to the front; the band played "Dixie" and "Hail to the Chief," and the delegates cheered with wildest enthusiasm. A New York delegate changed the 70 votes of that State to Hancock. Rapid succession followed, no man knowing how the vote stood exactly. When Ohio cast her vote for Hancock, the General had two-thirds of the Convention and the nomination.

The confusion was at this time of the wildest kind. All the State banners were waving and being massed in front. There was continuous shouting and cheering, and the band and great organ were adding to the din. The chairman, after vainly trying to restore order, refused to recognize anybody until the confusion had been subdued. The clerks being unable to make up the lists, the roll was called a second time. The result was as follows:

Whole number of votes.....	738
Necessary to a choice.....	492
Hancock.....	705
Hendricks.....	30
Tilden.....	1
Bayard.....	2

Mr. Mack, of Indiana, moved to make the nomination unanimous. Speaker Randall and Senator Wallace appeared together on the platform and seconded the motion. Wade Hampton pledged the support of the solid South. Others seconded the nomination, and it was made unanimous amid great cheering by the entire Convention, the band meanwhile playing "Dixie." John Kelly and Colonel Fellows, of this State, made speeches and shook hands. The band played "St. Patrick's Day" when Mr. Kelly appeared, and "Auld Lang Syne" after the reconciliation.

Kelly's pledge that Tammany would do everything in its power for the ticket, and that all controversies in New York were now ended, contributed greatly to the prevalent enthusiasm. When the result was announced the Tammany flag, back of the Convention, was waved in the air, and a Massachusetts delegate got possession of the Virginia and Massachusetts flags, and, standing on his chair, held one in each hand, turning them slowly about so that the whole Convention might read the names of those historic foes united for Hancock. Several of the State banners were caught up into the galleries and waved there until the cheering had ceased, when they were handed down to the floor below.

The excitement having in a measure subsided, the Convention proceeded to select a candidate for Vice-President. Hon. W. H. English, of Indiana, was nominated by acclamation, on the motion of Alabama, seconded by a large number of States.

The platform, reported by Henry Watterson, was then adopted. It repeats the cry of fraud in 1876-77; it denounces the Government of President Hayes; it opposes Chinese immigration and compulsory laws; and it calls for free trade, free ships, a free ballot, home rule and "honest money, consisting of gold, silver and paper, convertible in coin on demand." It also expresses regret at Mr. Tilden's withdrawal.

After appointing a committee of one from each State to notify the candidates of their nomination, the Convention, at 3 o'clock P. M., adjourned *sine die*.

THE CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

Major-General Winfield Scott Hancock was No. 6 in our Gallery of Possible Presidential Candidates in the issue of May 22d. From the biographical sketch which then accompanied the portrait we extract the subjoined summary of an eventful and honorable career: General Hancock is a native of Pennsylvania, having been born in Montgomery County, in that State, on the 14th of February, 1824. He graduated at West Point in 1841, and served mainly on frontier duty until 1846, and afterwards in the war with Mexico, being brevetted as first lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. From 1848 to 1855 he was again employed in frontier duty, and from 1855 to 1861 was quartermaster of the southern district of California. In August of the latter year he was recalled to Washington, and when the Army of the Potomac was transferred to the Peninsula in 1862, he was already a brigadier-general with the appropriate command, in the Fourth Corps. His first opportunity to make a mark occurred at Williamsburg, and he made a brilliant one. He next distinguished himself in the Battle of Frazier's Farm, and subsequently took an active part in the campaign in Maryland, at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. Being made a major-general, he commanded a division at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg he did magnificent work. On the first day of the battle, July 1st, 1863, he was sent by General Meade to decide whether a decisive battle should be given, or whether the army should fall back. He

reported that Gettysburg was the place to fight, and took immediate command. On the arrival of Meade, in the decisive action of July 3d he commanded on the left centre, sustaining the terrific onset of Longstreet's Confederates, and being severely wounded.

The thanks of Congress were formally tendered him for his conduct in these engagements. Being disabled by his wounds, he was on sick leave until March, 1864, being meanwhile engaged in recruiting the Second Army Corps, which was placed under his command. At the opening of the campaign of that year under General Grant, he took the active command of this corps, and bore a prominent part in the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Court House and North Anna, the second battle of Cold Harbor, and the operations around Petersburg until June 19th, when, his wound breaking out afresh, he was for a short time on sick leave. He afterwards resumed command, and participated in several actions, until November 26th, when he was called to Washington to organize the first corps of veterans.

The name of every great battle in the East is inscribed on Hancock's flag. After the close of the war he was placed successively in command of the Middle Department, the Department of Missouri, of Louisiana and Texas, of Dakota, and of the Department of the East. He has his headquarters on Governor's Island. In the Democratic National Convention of 1868 he received 144 votes for the Presidential nomination. In 1876, in the National Convention of the same party, he received 75 votes for the same nomination.

General Hancock has uniformly maintained the doctrine that the military power should in time of peace be subordinated to the civil law. This was particularly shown in his address to the court of inquiry constituted to try General Babcock, in 1875, in which he urged that that officer having been formally indicted at St. Louis, it was right and proper that the military inquiry should be adjourned in order that the ordinary civil processes might take their course—which suggestion was duly adopted. In 1868, while in command of the Fifth Military District, General Hancock, in a letter to Governor Pease, said: "On them (the laws of Texas and Louisiana), as on a foundation of rock, repose almost the entire structure of social order in these two States. Annual this code of laws, and there would be no longer any rights, either of persons or property, here. I say, unhesitatingly, if it were possible that Congress should pass an Act abolishing the local codes for Louisiana and Texas, which I do not believe, and should it fall to my lot to supply their places with something of my own, I do not see how I could do better than follow the laws in force here prior to the rebellion, excepting wherein they shall relate to slavery. Power may destroy the forms, but not the principles, of justice; these will live in spite even of the sword."

General Hancock is a man of handsome presence and most agreeable manners. He is perfectly straight; a blonde, with a rich skin and blue eyes, and light hair, now turning gray; and his address is both courtly and simple.

THE CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

William H. English, the Democratic nominee for the Vice-Presidency, was born in Lexington, Scott County, Ind., August 27th, 1822, and commenced his political career before he had attained his majority as a delegate from Scott County to the Democratic State Convention at Indianapolis, by which General T. A. Howard was nominated for Governor of Indiana. Mr. English's father, Major Elisha English, was a native of Kentucky, as was his mother, *nee* Mahala Easdin, a descendant of Lieutenant Philip Easdin, who served in the Fourth Virginia Regiment during the war of the Revolution. His early education was only such as could be picked up in the common schools in the vicinity, supplemented by a course of three years at the South Hanover College. At 18 years of age, having studied law at odd times, he was admitted to practice in the Circuit Court of his native State. He was subsequently admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the State of Indiana, and at the age of 23 he made his first appearance before the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. English began his official career, shortly after attaining his majority, as Postmaster of Lexington, his native village. In 1843, while only 21 years old, he was elected principal clerk of the Indiana House of Representatives. The young Democrat threw himself into the political canvass of 1844 with energy, and was rewarded with an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington. Here he remained for four years, resigning his office when Taylor was inaugurated President, because, having supported Cass in the National Convention, he could not, he said, consistently hold office under his successful rival. In the Democratic National Convention of 1848, Mr. English made the acquaintance of Samuel J. Tilden; in 1850 he was Clerk of the Claims Committee of the United States Senate, and secretary of the convention which met at Indianapolis to revise the Constitution of the State of Indiana. In 1851 he was a member of the State Legislature, and in 1852 he took his seat in Congress as a supporter of Franklin Pierce. Mr. English was a member of the House Committee on Territories, and as such participated in the debate on the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. It is claimed that he, not Senator Douglas, was the first to enunciate the doctrine of popular sovereignty. He was elected to Congress a second term, against the Whig and Know-Nothing candidate, Judge Thomas C. Stauch, and continued to support the political measures of Mr. Pierce during the Thirty-fourth Congress. His third term covered the period of the controversy respecting the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, which he opposed until that Constitution (which did not prohibit slavery) had been ratified by the people. In 1858 he was elected to Congress for the fourth time, retiring in 1860, just as the secession movement assumed menacing proportions. Understood to support the Union, he was offered the command of a regiment by Governor Morton, but preferred to start the First National Infantry of Indianapolis, which went into business in 1863 under the national banking law. In 1877 he resigned his presidency of the bank on account of his health and retired from business.

THE WELSH EISTEDDOD.

The Welsh National Eisteddod was held at Hyde Park, near Scranton, Pa., on June 23d and 24th. The opening exercises were attended by large audiences, no fewer than five thousand persons being present at the afternoon and evening sessions. Hyde Park, the scene of the great musical and literary tournament, was gay with banners and bunting, and all business in mines and stores was stopped at noon to give the masses an opportunity of attending and taking part in the festival. The mammoth pavilion erected for the Eisteddod was gayly adorned with flags and flowers, while numerous mottoes adorned the walls and clustered around the extensive platform on which the exercises were held. The opening session was conducted by H. M. Edwards, of Scranton, and the exercises were preceded by a choice bit of favorite airs played by a full military band. The feature of the forenoon, however, was the choral competition on Handel's "Round about the Starry Throne," by four choirs, of about fifty voices each, namely, the Bellevue, Taylorville, Fourth Ward and Wilkesbarre Chords. The adjudicators, Dudley Buck, George Simpson, of New York, and Carlyle Potosolsky, of Boston, awarded the palm and the prize to the Taylorville Choir.

The conductor then invited Mrs. Davis, wife of David S. Davis, of the Philadelphia Custom House, on the platform, and she presented Recse Price, the conductor of the Taylorville choir, with the prize, a purse containing seventy five dollars in gold. For

the metrical poem, in Welsh, the feature of which was its alliterative qualities, the adjudicator awarded the prize of twenty dollars in gold to Rev. G. H. Humphreys, A. M., of New York City. There were a number of competitors entered under *noms de plume*, that of Mr. Humphreys being "Saroney," and the subject of the poem was "The Artist."

The afternoon session was presided over by Senator Horatio Gates Jones, of Philadelphia, Rev. Fred. Evans, of Franklin, Pa., acting as conductor of the exercises. Senator Jones delivered a happy speech, in which he claimed a pride in his Welsh lineage, and expressed his great pleasure at meeting such a vast and intellectual gathering of his kinsmen. Hardie addresses, in which several participated, came next, followed by competitive English speeches on the subject of "National Characteristics of the Welsh People." The prize was awarded to John E. Richards, of Hyde Park. Miss Lizzie Harris, of Hyde Park, took the prize for a Welsh recitation, "The Drowning of Pharaoh," participated in by a large number, and Benjamin Thomas, of Taylorville, a miner, who had been working all the forenoon in the mines, took the prize of forty dollars for an essay, entitled, "The Influence of the Greatest Scientific Discovery on Theology." Miss Josephine Rogers won the prize for a soprano solo.

The feature of the afternoon was the band competition for a prize of one hundred dollars, offered for the best rendition of "The Heavens are Telling." Four organizations competed, and the prize was awarded to Bauer's Band, of Hyde Park. Dudley Buck then led the four bands of one hundred pieces, and elicited great enthusiasm in the performance of the prize piece. The pavilion was again crowded in the evening, and many were unable to gain admittance. The united choirs of 300 voices sang "Yr Haf" ("The Summer") with fine effect, and George Simpson, the well-known New York tenor, gave a recitative and air from "The Creation," also Brahms's ballad, "The Anchor's Weigh'd," and was enthusiastically received. Carlyle Potosolsky, of Boston, and Dudley Buck and J. Parsons Price, of New York, also took part in the performance. The piano-playing of Potosolsky created a perfect *furor*. On the 24th the choral prizes were awarded. No. 3, or the winning choir, is the Hyde Park Choral Society, and takes a prize of \$300, while No. 2, or the Wilkesbarre Choir, takes second prize of \$125. The proceeds of the Eisteddod will be applied, by the Welsh Philosophical Society, to the founding of a free library in Hyde Park.

A CHILDREN'S GARDEN FETE AT NEWPORT.

TENDER little maidens in all the glories of brand-new toilets, befrilled and beflowered like fairy princesses! Bright-eyed little boys putting on the airs of very daring men, and lording it over the little ladies! Here is true love. Here are flirtations with a vengeance. Here is the heartless coquette and the wanton lady-killer! Joy beams upon every face save, perhaps, on one or two, for ice-cream has its limits, and too many strawberries have been known to disagree with the inner little man! What games they have had! What dancing, and kiss in the ring, and marching in two's to pull the cracker *bouffons* at a given signal! What mob-caps and night-caps and jockey-caps, and aprons and collars and capes and saques come forth at a pop! What ringing of silvery laughter as Maudie dons her headgear the wrong side foremost, and Ernest invests his curly head in an infant's cowl! Ere the sun sets those two ruddy boys will have thrown down gage of battle for the sake of the bright eyes of yonder fairy queen. That romantic-looking youth in the corner will have proposed to the tiny maiden by his side to fly with him, and, alas for the days of chivalry! that other little lad now so demure will have deserted his companion! What a picture of life in miniature, with the master passions all in the bud! Give the little ones their bright hours; let the background of their lives be happy, for behind the curtain of the future lie many shadows!

ANOTHER COLLISION WITH AN ICEBERG.

HER MAJESTY'S ship *Flamingo* left St. John, Newfoundland, at 5 A. M. on Saturday, June 12th, bound for her cruise on fishery protection service on the coast of Newfoundland, intending to anchor at Trepassy, eighty-eight miles from St. John, that night. Outside a dense fog was experienced, requiring an extra lookout. Men were accordingly placed on the fore yard-arm and jibboom. The ship was making six to seven knots an hour, so as to make her anchorage before dark the same evening. Suddenly an iceberg, computed to be 200 feet high by 600 broad, was sighted right ahead. The engines were immediately ordered to be put full speed astern, and the water-tight compartments to be closed. The size of the berg was such as to prevent any turn of the helm to port or starboard being of any use to prevent a collision. The engines had just begun to move astern when the bowsprit struck the mass. Little or no effect was felt by those on board. She rebounded from the icy mass, and backed out. Upon the fore part being cleared away, she was found to be making no water, but had sustained serious injury. She returned to St. John for repairs. Although the accident was similar to that which befell the *Arizona*, it was not so damaging.

The "Dark Horse" in Politics.

ONCE upon a time there lived in Tennessee an old chap named Sam Flynn, who traded in horses and generally contrived to own a speedy nag or two, which he used for racing purposes whenever he could pick up a "soft match" during his travels. The best of his flyers was a coal-black stallion named Dusky Pete, who was almost a thoroughbred, and able to go in the best of company. Flynn was accustomed to saddle Pete when approaching a town and ride him into it to give the impression that the animal was merely "a likely horse," and not a flyer. One day he came to a town where a country race-meeting was being held, and he entered Pete among the contestants. The people of the town, not knowing anything of his antecedents, and not being over-impressed by his appearance, backed two or three local favorites heavily against him. Flynn moved quietly among the crowd, and took all the bets offered against his nag. Just as the "flyers" were being saddled for the race old Judge McMiner, who was the turf oracle of that part of the State, arrived on the course, and was made one of the judges. As he took his place in the stand he was told how the betting ran, and of the folly of the owner of the strange entry in backing his "plum" so heavily. Running his eye over the rack, the judge instantly recognized Pete, and he said: "Gentlemen, there's a dark horse in this race that will make some of you smell 'h'—before supper." The judge was right. Pete, the "dark horse," lay back until the three-quarter pole was reached, when he went to the front and won the purse and Flynn's bets with the greatest ease.

The English Franking Privilege.

AS to the question of the privileges of members of Parliament, it may be observed that one of them, now extinct, that of franking, dated from the commencement of the reign of Charles II. The House conferred the revenues of the Post Office on the Duke of York, or, to put it more exactly, gave his

Royal Highness a monopoly of the letter-carrying trade. At the same time they claimed that letters sent by members of either House should go free. Chief Justice Abbott, on being raised to the peerage, naturally received the congratulations of the Bar. The new Lord (Tenterden), in returning thanks, observed that nothing in his elevation gave him greater pleasure than the privilege of being able to frank the letters of his friends of the legal profession. Members of the junior Bar soon availed themselves of his lordship's kindness in a way that grieved him much. It was not the number of franks he minded, but the remarkable addresses to which the signature "Tenterden" found itself appended. A few years later, Macaulay, giving his sister an account of how he spent the day, mentions that he regularly devoted a portion of his time to franking letters. The system was at length abolished in 1840, with the introduction of the penny post.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The New Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Earl Cowper made his state entry into Dublin on May 27th. The day being a holiday, large crowds had assembled at every place along the route by which the cavalcade passed, and greeted the arrival of the Viceregal visitors. At noon His Excellency landed, and there was a salute of twenty-one guns fired by the battery on the East Pier. Alderman Tarpey, *locum tenens* for the Lord Mayor, who was unwell, received the Lord Lieutenant on the platform, and the customary ceremony of presenting the keys of the city was performed. At Westland Row a guard of honor was drawn up, which was furnished by the Fifty-seventh Regiment and a field officer's escort of one squadron of the Scots Greys, and the bands of both the cavalry regiments in Dublin. Earl Cowper mounted a beautiful black horse which was in waiting, and the carriage for the Countess Cowper was then drawn up. She was received with another hearty cheer, the bands of the two cavalry regiments struck up "God Save the Queen" and then "Patrick's Day," and the procession started. The route taken was the old one which has grown time honored in Viceregal displays, through Westland Row, Nassau Street, College Green and Dame Street, to the Castle. When the procession arrived at the Castle the troops drawn up in the square saluted, and the bands again struck up "God Save the Queen" and "Patrick's Day," and amidst the straining strains the new Chief Governor of Ireland and Countess Cowper entered their official residence in the Irish capital.

The Electrical Railroad in Berlin.

During the past Winter an experimental line was built in Berlin to test the practicability of adapting electricity to the propulsion of passenger cars. This enterprise was received with so much favor that the projectors were induced to form a company for the purpose of constructing a roadway around the city, after the elevated pattern. We give an illustration of a section of the road now in process of construction, showing the car containing the electrical apparatus and the general style of the raised track-bed.

New Barracks at Knightsbridge.

The buildings for the Household Cavalry which have been constructed on the site of the old barracks at Knightsbridge, under Colonel Owen Williams, removed from the Albany Street Barracks, Regent's Park. They have been erected under the direction of the War Department, and for architectural features and completeness of design are the best in the United Kingdom. Built of red brick and stone, the new quarters form an irregular oblong, the quadrangle for the troops on one side, the married soldiers' quarters on the other, the riding-school and other buildings further on towards the Albert Memorial, and then the officers' quarters and stables. The principal feature of the officers' quarters is the mess-room, the frontage of which is to the Exhibition ground in Hyde Park—a handsome apartment, 36 feet long by 24 feet wide. Over the principal window are busts of former commanders, including Wellington, Marlborough, Anglesea, Combermere, Oxford, Raglan and Hill; and the principal entrance to the barracks, also facing Hyde Park, contains representations in stone of troopers of the past and present times.

A Chase for the Knot.

One of the oldest and most famous regiments in the Prussian Army—the Zieten Hussars—celebrated recently the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its formation. Among the items of the equestrian performance, which, as will be seen, was witnessed by the Emperor and Court, was a race of ladies for a knot, lightly attached to the shoulder of one of them. Two of the competitors in the present instance are the daughters of Colonel Rosenberg, a gentleman well-known in the sporting world—Frau von Sydow and Fraulein von Rosenberg—and the third is Fraulein von Bredow, the representative of an old and very wealthy family.

Feeding the Poor at Naples.

To those of our readers who remember the illustrations we gave of Mr. Bennett's soup kitchens, or who for any cause visited them during that Winter of suffering, the engraving of the scene in the San Lorenzo district of Naples, where cooked food is supplied to the poor, will have quite a familiar look. There is an evidence of a liberal supply, and there is also an evidence of appreciation and satisfaction. Tottling, wrinkled age and lisping youth are gathered to partake of the physical nourishment, while the good Sisters do God's service in feeding His lambs.

The Brussels National Exhibition.

There are to be great festivities this year in Belgium to commemorate the jubilee of Belgian independence, it being fifty years since the good citizens of Brussels raised the standard of revolt against Holland, and driving Prince Frederic, the King's son, who commanded the troops, from the city, declared their country independent, and elected a Provisional Government. The festivities will last for some months, and were inaugurated on June 15th by the opening by the King and Queen of a grand National Exhibition, a handsome structure, which has been built on the Champs des Maréchaux, and which will contain chiefly exhibits of what Belgium and the Belgians have produced, either in the way of manufacture or of inventions or of art, since 1830. The facade of the building, as may be seen in our sketch, chiefly consists of two pavilions, united by a semi-circular colonnade, in the centre of which stands a triumphal arch. In these pavilions, amongst other things, there will be a curious exhibition of specimens of the manufactures and art products of bygone ages—such as jewelry, furniture, costumes, porcelain, carpets, armor, coins, etc., all of which will be curious and interesting to compare with similar articles of the present day. Foremost amongst modern exhibits will be objects relating to education, and in those at least we moderns may boast of having achieved a vast improvement. Behind the pavilions and the arcade are numerous temporary buildings containing exhibits and collections of various kinds, ranging from leather and pottery to railway carriages and fruit and vegetables. The applications for space have been great, and there are no fewer than 7,000 exhibitors. The gardens are prettily laid out, and, together with the buildings, occupy an area of some 70,000 square metres.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—The population of the District of Columbia is shown to be 175,000, a gain of 43,000 since 1870.

—It is said that the famine fever has appeared in some parts of the West and South of Ireland.

—The Jesuits expelled from France have purchased a house at Prague, Bohemia, at a cost of \$25,000.

—The unofficial census returns of Rochester show the population to be 87,057. In 1875 it was 81,722, and in 1870, 62,380.

—About 20,000,000 shad have been hatched at the hatching establishment of the American Fish Commission at Washington this year.

—The total amount of appropriations made by Congress for the next fiscal year is \$186,865,058, being some \$6,000,000 less than last year.

—The Wesleyan Chapel in City Road, London, founded by John Wesley, which was partly destroyed by fire in December last, has been restored, and was reopened on Sunday.

—From the first of July foreign vessels entering the port of Port-au-Prince, Hayti, will be charged six cents per ton, and Haytian vessels three cents per ton, the receipts to be used towards sustaining two light-houses at the entrance of the port.

—Dean Stanley is said to be willing to withdraw his permission for the erection of a memorial of the late Prince Imperial of France in Westminster Abbey, if anything like a general expression of opinion in favor of that course is elicited in the House of Commons.

—Red Cloud and Spotted Tail were so well pleased with what they saw at the Indian schools at Hampton and Carlisle that, before leaving Washington, they earnestly requested Secretary Schurz to enlarge the school facilities so that more of their children may be accommodated.

—The Greek Government is taking measures to increase the army from 12,000 to 40,000 men. A number of officers have gone to France, Italy, Hungary, Algeria and Syria, to purchase horses, ammunition and clothing. The infantry are to be provided with 1,500 cartridges apiece.

—Serious negotiations are proceeding between the Albanian League and the Dalmatian and Triana tribes. The latter are willing to send to the 8,000 men, all armed with Martin-Henry rifles, and undertake to furnish the tribes with provisions and munitions of war for two months, but only on condition that Hodo Bey will attack Podgoritzia at the earliest opportunity.

—An interesting series of documents connected with William Cobbett have been added to the British Museum. Among them are contributions to the Political Register, public addresses and notes for speeches in Parliament, letters of Cobbett to J. Wright, his publisher, with a statement of the lawsuit between them, 1807-1811, and letters to his children and others in America, 1820-1827.

—The export of champagne to foreign countries has greatly increased of late. According to an official return, the champagne stored in the cellars of Rheims amounted on the 1st of last April to 68,540,668 bottles. From the 1st of April, 1879, to the 1st of April, 1880, 19,171,154 bottles were sent out, of which 16,000,000 were for foreign countries—1,750,617 more than in the corresponding period from 1878 to 1879.

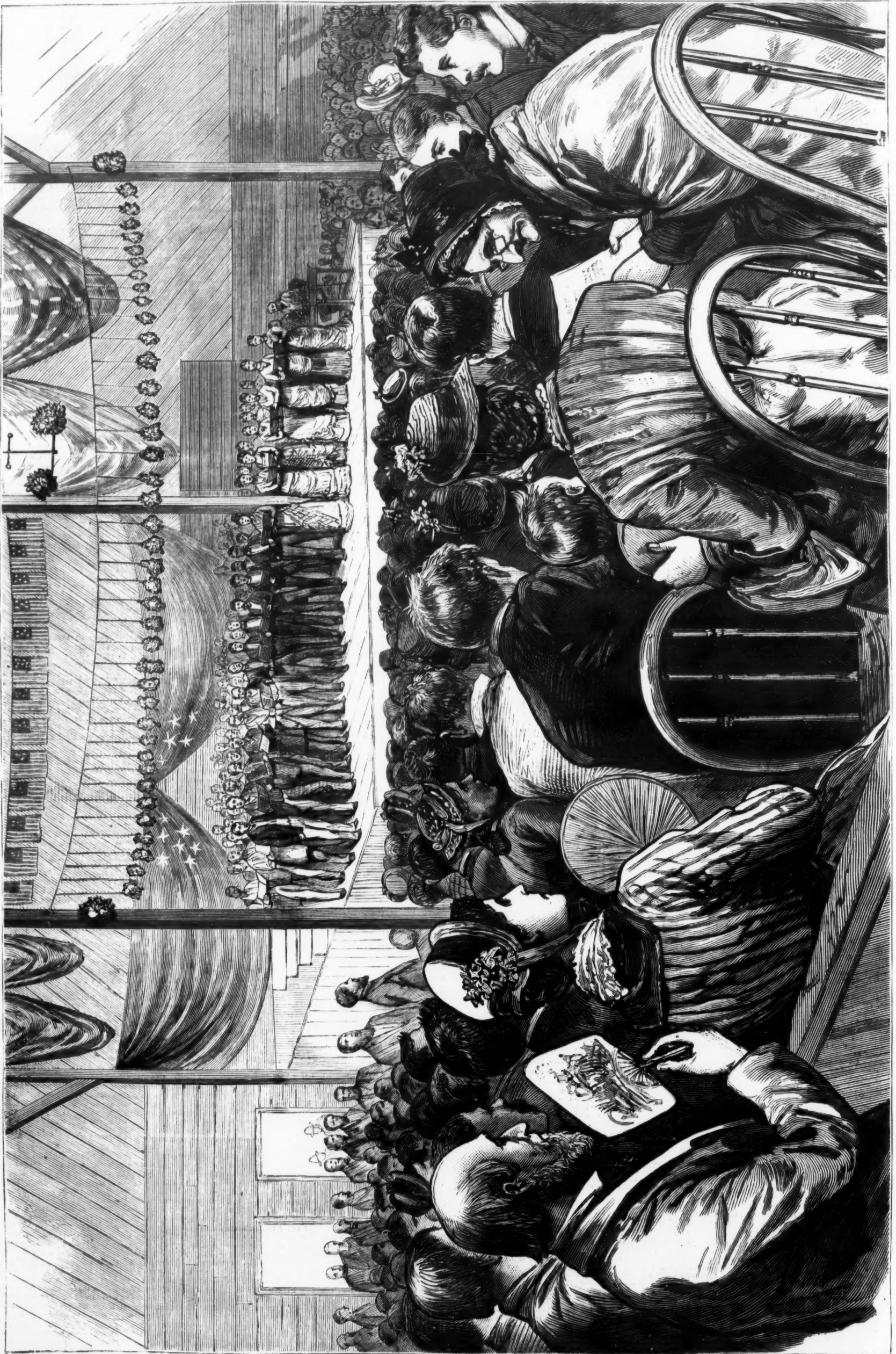
—Rooks in the Orkney Islands were only imported a year or two ago, but have taken so kindly to their new quarters as to form a colony of some thirty nests in one garden. What a fine home the magnificent elms of New Haven would make for them! Canterbury, New Zealand, imported them to found a colony around the cathedral precincts. They are a regular feature of "the stately homes of England," and the surroundings of ancient lanes.

—NOTWITHSTANDING the increase in the clerical force of the Pension Bureau, the claims which are presented far exceed those disposed of. In the division of Illinois alone the accumulation of cases over and above those acted upon amounts to 900 a month. During the session of Congress just closed this increase has amounted to over 6,000. It is reasonable to suppose that the increase in the other divisions is in the same proportion. The Commissioner of Pensions says that with the present force it is physically impossible to prevent this large piling up of business before the department.

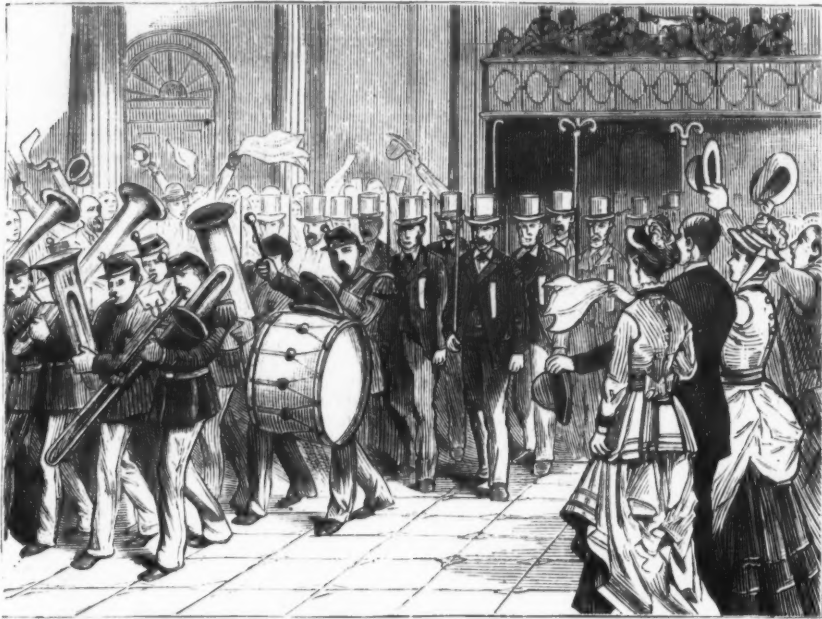
—LEADVILLE now has a population of from 25,000 to 30,000, and with regular streets and substantial buildings. The city government was organized April 14th, 1879. Already it has established a fire department, introducing a fire-alarm telegraph, and created a good police force. A system of graded schools has been adopted, affording instruction for about 1,500 pupils; and a new school house, to cost \$30,000, is soon to be built. There are thirty-two street lamps lighted by gas, and the principal public and many private edifices have the luxury of gaslight. The city, in its work, has gone on the pay-as-you-go principle. The rate of taxation has been two cents on a dollar.

—A VERY valuable library of Methodist books, being the entire collection gathered by the Rev. Dr. George Osborn, author of "Biography of Methodism," of Richmond, near London, has just been presented to the Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, New Jersey. All the works relate to the history of Methodism either directly or indirectly, and many of them have long been out of the market, and are the only copies existing. A number of works in the collection were Wesley's private property. The collection was examined last Summer at Richmond by Bishop Hurst, and, on his return to the United States, Mr. Anderson Fowler, of New York, entered into negotiations for its purchase as a gift by him to the Drew Theological Seminary. The books arrived in good condition, and, by the action of the Trustees of the Seminary, will be called the Fowler Collection of Methodist Literature.

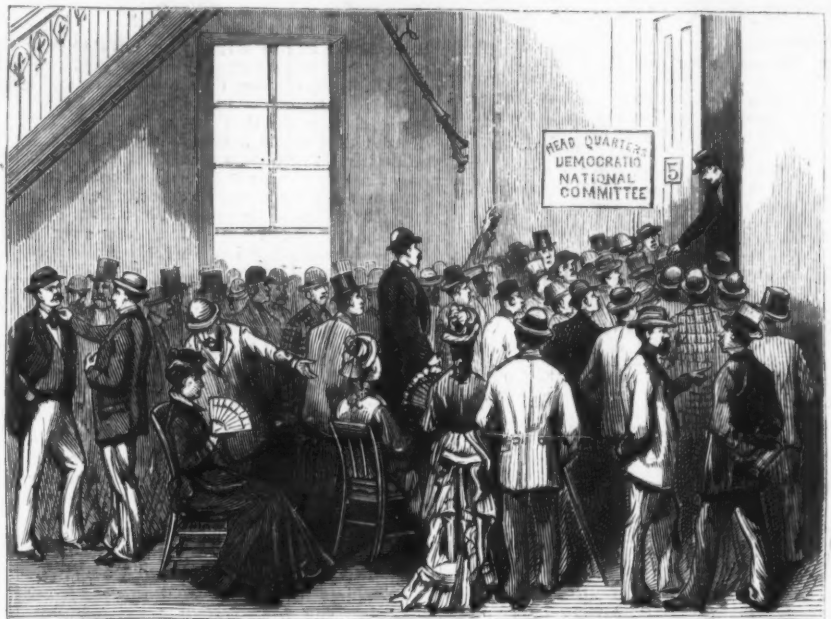
—GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, where General Hancock's headquarters are, is one of the pleasantest places in the neighborhood of New York. It is only ten minutes' ride from the city by the Government cutter *Atlantic*, which makes about a dozen round trips daily. From the city the island can be seen plainly—a shady, grassy spot, with a few frame buildings at the northern end, and old Castle William at the southern extremity. The boat landing is at the northern end of the island and faces Brooklyn. From the landing a wide avenue extends southward, to the right of which are rows of cannon and cannon balls. An avenue leading from the left of this winds through a delightful grassy lawn, made shady by many trees, fronting upon which are a dozen or more plain but roomy frame dwellings occupied by the various officers quartered on the island. The General's headquarters are in a building near the lower end of this avenue. General Hancock's house is a large, pleasant frame building, situated about midway between the general headquarters and the boat landing. It has a wide piazza extending along the front, a wide hall, to the right of which are double parlors and to the left the dining-room, with General Hancock's private sitting-room in its rear. The house is handsomely furnished; in the parlor is an excellent painting of Mrs. Hancock.



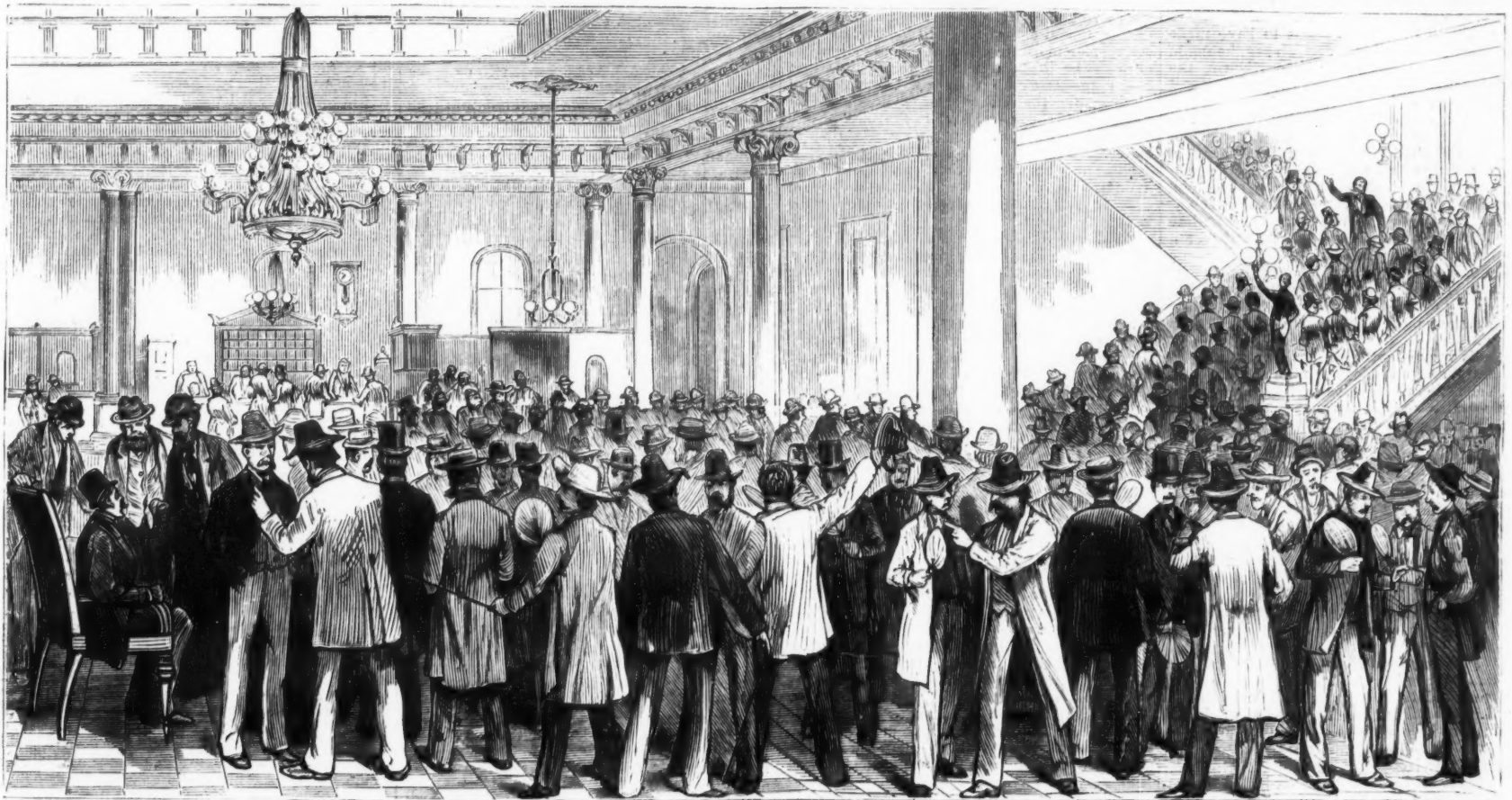
PENNSYLVANIA.—THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDVOB, AT HYDE PARK, SCRANTON.—THE CHORAL COMPETITION. JUNE 23D.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 319.



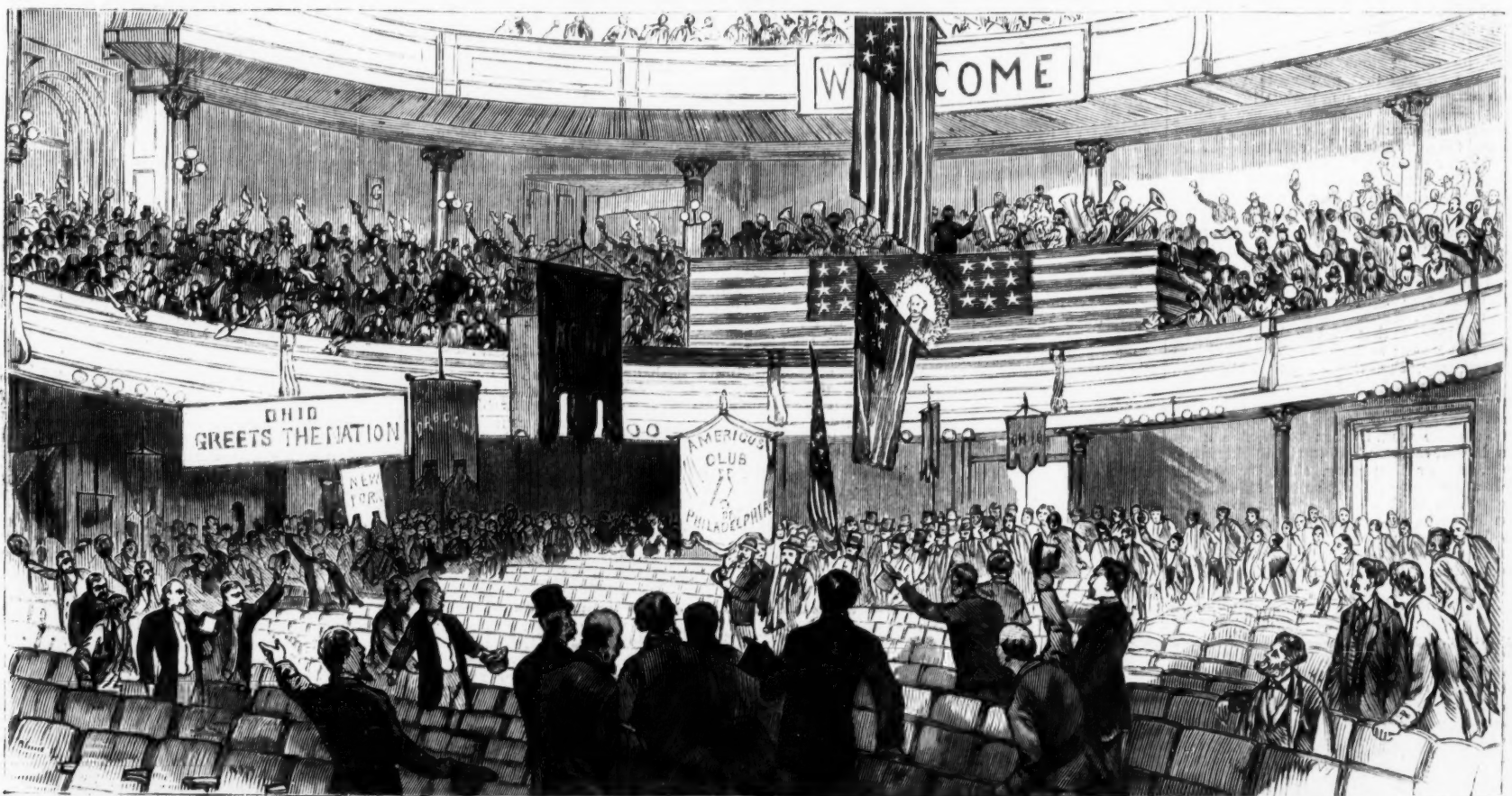
THE RANDALL CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA MAKING THE ROUNDS OF THE HOTELS.



PRESS REPORTERS WAITING FOR TICKETS OF ADMISSION TO THE HALL.



A SKETCH IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE GRAND HOTEL, AFTER THE FIRST BALLOT.



DELEGATES, HEADED BY THE PHILADELPHIANS, ENTERING THE HALL WITH BANNERS OF THEIR FAVORITES.

OHIO.—OPENING OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN—THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI.
FROM SKETCHES BY JOS. B. BEALE.—SEE PAGE 318.

A DEAD FRIEND.

THIS dead man, soon to seek oblivious earth,
Was loyally my firm friend, and loved me
well.

For him no shadow of blame that could repel
His reverence in my honored life had birth.
Like some famed knight, admired for brawn
and girth.

By the young warrior, eager to excel,
Ideal in his fond heart I seemed to dwell,
The exemplar and high paragon of worth!

Now deeply, while I linger where he lies,
A burdening shame upon my bosom weighs.
Perchance he watches me, in calm surprise,
Far from the turmoil of terrestrial days—
Piercing my faulty spirit with the gaze
Of supernatural and clairvoyant eyes!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,
AUTHOR OF "IN THE MARCHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—GYPSY'S BONDAGE.

THEY are all together an hour later—Jack, Gypsy, Valentine, Maize and Toboskie. You never could believe that ten years had gone since last they sat thus together, and you could fancy that they were all back in England, save for the absence of Chetwood, and the presence of a certain young lady who, in those days—constructing it the most charitably—was a troublesome child.

Time, with his havoc, seems to have made exception in all their favor. Gypsy, he could swear, is not a day older than when in the madness of a weak moment, she precipitated herself into his—giving him his due—uncaring arms. She was sweet, charming, beautiful as ever, and nothing in her greeting of him—of which he has had secret misgivings—bears a shadow of that past folly.

Jack is hale, handsome and jolly as of old, though a trifle stouter; and in his eye Toboskie is pained to observe a fishy, film-like thickness, that bears silent but incontrovertible evidence of his dissipation.

Valentine is as dark and silent as when first he met her. Her hands, as they lie idly in her lap, or toy over some wool, are, he remarks, more waxen, more delicate and beautiful than of old.

She is very silent, though the rest talk incessantly, and occasionally all at once. Jack and Toboskie are installed in huge armchairs, while Maize and Gypsy occupy smaller ones at a proximity very comforting to the Russian, whose gaze seldom leaves the proud face of the girl. He is very pleasantly placed, and altogether is insanely glad that Jack Ashhurst has come to Petersburg.

"We are invited to the English Consul's tomorrow," says Gypsy, in a brief lull. "and the next day to Count Moskowa's. Invitations are just pouring upon us. I suppose it is due to the fact that the English Ambassador is Jack's friend."

"I had hoped to have brought a celebrity with me this evening," says Toboskie, rather aimlessly.

"Who?" inquires Gypsy, with interest.

"Count Nicholas Lagors."

"And he did not deign to honor us?"

"He was compelled to remain at home through sudden illness. He is one of our oldest and wealthiest families, and altogether a lion in Russia."

He looks up as he speaks, and by accident meets the full gaze of Valentine's eyes. They are cold, and gleam with a peculiar light like that bluish shadow of ice. He is not weak, nor is he impressionable, yet that look strikes a cold chill to his vitals. Though she is full of a magnetic power that is, to some extent, marvelous, he is conscious that he is for ever above and beyond that power; that his will, which controls a nation, makes powerless hers, though in her he comes nearer finding his equal than ever before; yet in some vague way, and for some indefinable reason, he dreads her. He is conscious that a woman possessing the peculiar attribute that characterizes her, holds in her hand an almost limitless power for evil. He does not believe her vulgarly sinful or meanly malicious; she would not descend to petty villainy; she is elevated, refined, elegant. Yet the germ of a great crime is in her nature, which holds no shadow of weakness. She could slay ruthlessly and without mercy.

Though there is that in her that would cry out against a blow in the dark, dealt even to an adversary, she would not hesitate to trample upon the hearts of a nation slain by her hand, if any great aim exhorted her to the crime.

Though she would scorn to steal a crust even in starvation, without the slightest remorse, the smallest pang, she could rob a world of its honor, its pride and its birthright.

Something of this swift conviction settles upon Toboskie, while he also realizes that for him she has her hatred.

"Lagors?" says Jack, musingly. "Lagors? Seems to me I have heard that name somewhere before."

"And he is a lion," observes Gypsy, with pleasurable interest. "Handsome?"

"Rather, distinguished."

"At what an inopportune time his illness seized him," she continues, with a pout. "Now, could it have been feigned? What a brute he must be!" the conviction of Count Lagors's duplicity being by this time fully established.

"At least he shall not escape in that way. I will avenge us!" Count Toboskie, bring—your—friend—"

She ceases, and, quick and suspicious, Toboskie gazes swiftly at Valentine. At a glance he reads the cause. Valentine's eyes are fixed steadily and in that peculiar light upon Gypsy. Though unnoticed by the others, it is

clear as day to him that Lagors's presence is not desired by this woman; and that by bringing the mighty force of her brain to bear upon the weaker nature, she has thus prevented the invitation that was about to be extended.

He also, with that swift intuition, has divined that she is agitated—though her agitation is restrained by a powerful hand. Looking at her keenly, he is forced to confess that her face is an icy blank. Yet it is not to her face that he looks for emotion, but always to her hands; and these latter, though lying carelessly upon her lap, shiver occasionally like wind-tossed leaves.

"Yes, fetch him along by all means," says Jack, heartily, unconscious that he is finishing his wife's sentence, so well aware was he of the spirit of hospitality to which she had intended to give expression.

"Have you taken any measures towards claiming your estate?" inquires Toboskie, after a pause.

"Not decided ones," replies Jack. "You know it is Maize's property, and the English Consul tells me that she will have to formally become a citizen of Russia before she can claim the estate, which is really very fine, though it has almost gone to wreck and ruin. It has been shamefully neglected. The corn and wheat have not been gathered for years, but were principally allowed to rot on the grounds. The serfs were idle and thriftless. After innovations innumerable and incomputable trouble, persons who are judges say it will make very fine land. Years ago it was noted for its richness. Of course all this will incur both time and expense. And I believe I regret the former more than the latter, as this girl of ours"—he looks at Maize with a glance that bears testimony to that quiet and strong abiding love that exists between them—"this foolish girl is so susceptible to the cold. Your icy climate, Toboskie, is an abomination to Maize."

"Not only an abomination," says Maize, with a dainty shiver, "but positively a source of suffering. I cannot endure cold, it strikes me with actual pain."

As she speaks, she rises and hands Jack a chart of the lands that he has motioned for. Toboskie looks at her. She stands before him in the full glow of her matchless loveliness. Her figure is tall and drawn haughtily erect. She looks like a dream of Titians, clad as she is in some rich stuff of dull Venetian red, deeply embroidered with gold, while around her perfect figure falls her robe in straight, severe folds, peculiarly adapted to her Grecian beauty. Her head is small and regally poised; and beneath the crown of her matchless hair her proud young face gleams brightly in the wax-light.

He sees that she always has near her some article of fur to furthermore protect her delicate organization from the chill that will creep in, even with the heat of the fire. Gypsy and Valentine are busy over some dainty pretense of wool-work; but Maize makes no feign of employment. He sees that she is idle, with that sweet graceful idleness born in her—that dainty luxuriousness, the keen instincts of her Greek nature.

And as she stands thus, almost in the shadow of her eventful destiny, and he sees her small hands that are like twin rose leaves, and her proud, rich loveliness, he wonders if any shadow of evil can ever touch her; if the proud spirit that rears her head can be broken—the steady fire in her eyes quenched! When he goes away late in the night he carries with him two convictions—that she has entered into his heart for all eternity, whatever the future may hold, and that Jack Ashhurst's wife is in a bondage worse than death.

CHAPTER XV.—A PICTURE.

"PETER," says Count Lagors, as he rises from his dinner-table. "Peter, to-night I am going to that cursed rascally Englishman's—Lord Jack Ashhurst!"

"Well, really!" says Peter, displaying signs of lively amazement.

Count Lagors is in one of his choicest tempers.

"What the deuce do you mean by presuming to comment upon my actions?" he shouts amiably. "Come and dress me, and see that you make me look as hideous as possible. Get me an olive-color coat, and mind that the gloves and cravat match. I always look beastly in olive." This address has its proper effect upon the faithful Peter; he understands at once that his master has motives for looking exceedingly well this particular evening, and, destitute of the remotest idea of obeying him, forthwith lays out from the luxurious wardrobe a suit of uncompromising black, conscious that the slightest suggestion of green upon his part would be at the risk of his life. No amount of madness on Peter's part would ever betray him into the indiscretion of adopting such reckless suggestions of his master.

When he is dressed Lagors surveys himself with pardonable satisfaction. His tall, slim figure is elegant in its fastidious attire. His dark and high-bred face is even more attractive than in his youth, and in his deep-set eyes is that fierce, fickle, half-passionate glow that burns like a volcano.

As he stands thus a knock sounds at the door, and Peter hastens to attend, opening the door narrowly as though he guarded the sacred precincts of some idol-god. In a moment he returns with a card which he gives his master.

"Ah!" murmurs that individual, turning from the glass. "Toboskie has come; he said he would call for me. He is a trifle early. Tell him to come up here."

"Be ready in a moment, Raoul," he continues, as the guest is admitted a few moments later.

"Had to come early," explains Toboskie,

sinking in a chair, with a quiet adaptation of the surrounding luxury that bespeaks his own familiarity with such sybaritic ease, "because the Ashhursts go to the ambassador's to night, and our call will necessarily be short."

"Glad of it," says Lagors, crossly, whose existing mood never lasts a moment, and who is now intent upon examining a handkerchief of finest texture. "Peter, you rascal!" he finally shouts, "you have given me a soiled handkerchief! Do you presume so far upon my forbearance—which I confess has been limitless—that you expect me to carry about with me soiled handkerchiefs?" Under the nose of the suffering Peter he thrusts the obnoxious linen, which bears the slightest suggestion of a spot, and glares at that individual murderously.

Peter, guilt-stricken, turns away to remedy the mistake; he proceeds leisurely to the costly trifle of a box in whose sacred depths usually reposes these very necessary appendages to his master's toilet; it is empty. With a slight acceleration of speed he next investigates a certain drawer in the wardrobe which has never been known to be without its dozen scented, dainty squares of linen; not a handkerchief is visible!

It is the first time that such carelessness has ever been chronicled of Peter; nevertheless, upon the present occasion it must be confessed that amidst all that wealth and extravagance not a pocket-handkerchief can be produced! For a moment he stands aghast. Then his leisurely-conducted search resolves itself into a desperate exploration. He investigates every cranny of the various wardrobes; he explores every similar receptacle that graces the chamber; he reverses that treacherous box where his search had ought to have been but is not, and gives it two or three smart blows with the vain hope of dislodging a handkerchief from some hidden depths; he scrutinizes the walls, the ceilings, the floor, while the count stands by storming like a madman.

"He is the most reckless, careless, dishonest man that ever cursed a master," affirms Lagors, to his friend, who is too used to these scenes to be anything but amused. "He is a thorough and unscrupulous villain! The money I have squandered through his carelessness! I have wasted half of my fortune upon handkerchiefs, yet never have one! I never have anything that he can possibly take from me. See here, you villain!" addressing himself to Peter's heels, which is the only part of him visible as he frantically dives into an enormous chest, still bent upon his hopeless search, "in the lower drawer of that secretary yonder, is a box of handkerchiefs. There are six of them—all there are left of a collection of forty years. I locked them up to keep them from your thieving fingers. Here, take the key and be quick, or I'll make you suffer yet for your dishonesty."

Peter speedily emerges from the cavernous depths of the chest, his sedate gray hair in a state of wild disorder and turns his attention to the secretary, the anxiety with which he pursues his last hope plainly visible in his respectable face. He turns out the contents promiscuously, is seized with a panic as his search appears to be fruitless, then with a face beaming with triumph fastens upon a handkerchief box, and, while he approaches his master, frantically wrests off the fastening and raises the lid.

He stands directly before the two men, but presents it to Lagors. Toboskie's eyes idly fasten upon the box. Then he realizes that the troubles of the indefatigable factotum are not yet over. He has evidently got the wrong box, and there, bared to their vision, instead of the smooth surface of the expected linen is a sight that, for the instant, so sudden has been its appearance, startles him.

It is the picture of a girl—scarcely more than a child—and taken in an attitude wildly beautiful, yet with an almost too great exposure of limb and form to suit the taste of a particularly fastidious observer.

She is beautiful, with something of the wild native grace of the jungle clinging to her, as she lies in a mass of crushed grass and nodding ferns. It is evidently a warm climate in which she is represented, for her form is clad in some thin, short garment that does not conceal the perfect curves and soft roundness of her figure. Her limbs are rounded and as beautifully shaped as marble fresh from the sculptor's chisel. From her small, perfectly-shaped feet, in themselves a marvel, her dimpled knees not the faintest suspicion of clothing intercepts the view, and the arms and full white throat are as bare. Her face is a picture of lovely, defiant, passionate youth, holding a dash of sweet, shy shame, while from the tangled mass of hair, held back by one little, strong hand, gleam up two dark-blue eyes, bold with the sunny, sensuous insouciance of her nature, yet holding a half-abashed light, that bears weak testimony to her womanly dignity.

The whole affair is almost as quick as a flash of lightning, yet Toboskie has noticed every point in the picture, with its soft sensuous beauty; then from Peter's nerveless fingers drops the fatal box, and the contents fall on the floor, the picture dropping face downwards. Then he perceives that the portrait is fastened to the back of a legal-looking document, now clearly revealed, across which, written in a clear, firm hand, he read "The Schaffuskie Lands!"

He looks first at the paper, then at Lagors, who stands white as death, his lips drawn tightly across his teeth, his eyes literally blazing with a lurid flame and his hands clinched. Peter confronts him, his face bleached to the hue of his master's, and in his eyes a great shrinking pain and prayer.

Then, maddened with pain or memories of an unpleasant past, without a word, Lagors lifts his clinched hand and strikes Peter square in the temple.

It is a cruel blow, and its object drops to the

floor without so much as a groan. And, suddenly sobered by his act, Lagors stands for an instant appalled, then, stooping, lifts the head of the prostrate man and rests it upon his knee.

All the fierceness and wrath of his peculiar nature are swept aside, and in this moment the pure affection for this man shines forth—this man, faithful through abuse and neglect, returning blows with caresses, and bitterness with love.

Nicholas Lagors is, perhaps, a man wrecked, soul and body; yet through all the incontinencies and excesses of the past has burned the sincere tenderness for Peter, the faithful—Peter who, when love and pleasure and lust failed him, remained stanch and true. He lifts his head and brushes back the coarse gray hair, while his remorse and horror stupefy him. Toboskie, however, is more collected; and, hastening to a dressing-table, returns with a bottle of scented water, with which he copiously dampens the withered, gray face resting on the count's arm.

Under this treatment the sturdy life in Peter asserts itself, and his eyes unfasten and fix upon his master, but with a shudder speedily reclose, and his head moves wearily to and fro.

Across the prostrate figure of the man whom his ungovernable fury has stricken down, Count Lagors looks at Toboskie with eyes weary with a ghastly, haunting pain, and bitter memories raked up from the past. With trembling fingers he touches the gray hair, the gray face, the gray clothes, and his lips quiver. He is almost childish in his misery and repentance.

"Grown gray in service—in my service!" he says, hoarsely. "Raoul, those words ring in my ears! Oh, God! what a brute I am! This man has worked for me, sinned for me, and would die for me if I wished it. Yet how have I returned his fidelity? Peter—poor, miserable, abused man! After all the past, I shudders as he speaks, "after all the past, I strike him down like a dog!"

Toboskie cannot refrain from gazing at the dark, wretched face of his friend as he speaks, and, slowly as he gazes fastens upon him the conviction that the hidden life of this man is branded with its secret guilt and its pain. And all this time the picture, with its sensuous, Southern grace, lies hid upon the floor, while staring at the miserable man like things of life are those three magic words, destined to work so much misery, "The Schaffuskie Lands!"

"We must get him up," observes Toboskie, prosaically enough. "He may die! It was a frightful blow, Lagors."

"It was; I wish you would shoot me for it," groans Lagors, in his new-born humility. "And yet of what avail is my repentance? Tomorrow, before the sun rises, I shall have been in a rage with him a dozen times, and without the slightest provocation."

"Help me lift him."

Together they carry Peter to a divan piled high with silken cushions, upon which they place him, and again he looks up, and this time in a feeble, groping way, takes his master's hand. It is a simple gesture, yet replete with an humble fidelity—a love that will outlive death.

"Are you better, Peter?" asks Lagors, in an unsteady voice.

"All right—nothing in the world is the matter with me," cheerfully affirms that individual. There is still a dazed look in his eyes, yet his instincts of fealty are stronger than pain.

"Peter, I was a brute!" exclaims Lagors, vehemently.

"My lord, you were not," contradicts Peter, promptly. "But you must not be late. I will look for the handkerchiefs." His master groans as his factotum gets upon his feet. In passing, Peter stoops and picks up the package. He does it quickly and passes on, taking with him the picture and papers, but Toboskie sees that there is an inestimable pain and sadness in his face as he locks them away in a drawer. Lagors follows his companion and bends above him as he is deep in the recesses of the secretary.

"Peter," he says, almost gently. "Peter, are you really better, or have I killed you?"

"I am better, sir," says Peter, frantically rumaging amidst the contents of the drawers. "I'd be well if I could only find those cursed handkerchiefs!"

"Never mind, Peter," interrupts his master, wearily. "I will go now. But, mind you, I would not leave if you were sick. I have been a brute, but you will have your revenge. Peter, I am going to see her—Jack Ashhurst's wife!"

CHAPTER XVI.—A MEMORY OF THE PAST.

TOBOSKIE and Lagors gain the house of the English peer in silence. As they come in the light of the vestibule, the former looks in keen scrutiny at his companion; he sees that his face is pale and a trifle hard, but perfectly composed, though his eyes are fiery and restless. As they are admitted to the hall, which is dimly lighted, they hear a flutter as of woman's garments; something brushes swiftly past them, they both turn quickly and see a woman rush past—a woman with a hard, drawn, white face and hands locked tightly before her. Toboskie sees that it is Valentine.

A moment later Gypsy, who is standing by her toilet table, is startled by her door being suddenly thrown open. She looks up; upon the threshold stands Valentine—Valentine like a phantom, her eyes filled with a fierce pain and a bitter, shrinking fear, her face ghastly and piteous in its misery, and her hands stretched out in front of her like a person blind—her beautiful hands, now flushed until they seem to have concentrated all the blood in her body, and quivering and twitching as though seized with a mortal pain.

At this sight Gypsy drops the cut-glass bottle she has raised to her nostrils and stares in horror at her friend.

"Valentine!" she cries. "Valentine!"

The trembling woman stares at her—Gypsy, as she stands in her silken robes, and her soft, dazling loveliness. And that bitter anguish deepens in her glowing eyes that seem turned to wells of misery.

"What is the matter?" repeats Gypsy, looking scared and very like crying.

That pallid apparition standing on the threshold essays to speak. The breast heaves, the hueless lips tremble in a voiceless movement. And all the while those mysterious eyes stare bitterly, pityingly at the wondrous loveliness of Jack Ashurst's wife. Something in that hard, strained, concentrated look tells of the blinding misery that in secret sets upon Valentine's life.

"Valentine, you terrify me!" and this time Gypsy's voice is tearful and her eyes moist. "Why won't you tell me what has happened?"

Not a word comes from the agitated woman in the door—not a sound, save a great, dry sob that breaks chokingly in her throat.

A look of positive terror comes in Gypsy's azure eyes, and she wrings her jeweled hands. "You are mad—mad!" she cries, sobbing. "Oh, what trouble I have!"

That stiff figure suddenly becomes galvanized. With one step she seems to reach Gypsy's side and the great eyes, like glowing carbuncles, stare at her in partial horror and hatred.

"Mad?" she mutters, and her lips move awkwardly, as though frozen—"mad?" Then she raises her head and breaks into a dry, mirthless laugh, that chills Gypsy's warm blood. "I wish I were mad! Oh, I wish to God I were!"

Gypsy stares at her in silent fright.

"Doubtless you think I am," continues Valentine, in savage passion. That silence and self-containment of years are swept away; in this moment all the horrid, ghastly misery that marks this woman's hidden life shows forth briefly without concealment. "Doubtless you think I am; but I have borne too much for madness. There are three kinds of trouble—trouble that kills, trouble that crazes, and trouble that slaughters the inward life, while the outward one is still untouched—that deadens the soul, the faith, the hope, the aspirations, and leaves the body a living mausoleum for the dead ashes of happiness. Misery that kills outright is the most merciful of all; for misery that maddens its victim, there is still some hope; but for the life that is crushed and slaughtered, yet doomed to live—to drag its ashes and bitterness through the endless torture of weary, weary years—oh, my God! for such a soul what is there? Not even death—not even oblivion!" She is terribly agitated; her form shivers like a wind-tossed reed; she flings up both hands and locks them upon the crown of her head, while her eyes stare straight at the dazzling beauty of Gypsy, who covers helpless in a chair.

(To be continued.)

MARTHA'S VINEYARD AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

FROM the pines of Maine to the magnolias of Florida, there is no lovelier and more popular summer resort along our coast than at Martha's Vineyard. Within a few years the easterly side of this island has undergone a wonderful transformation, the broad, green slopes and shady groves of the interior, and the lofty bluffs along the shore, being covered to-day with hundreds of elegant summer residences, drives, parks and all the appurtenances of a popular watering-place. On rounding the northerly portion of the island, the most prominent object is the "Sea View," a mammoth hotel, which rears its lofty towers and pinnacles high into the sky, overlooking the "Cottage City." The hotel is situated at the head of the pier, fronting directly upon the waters of Vineyard Sound, and commanding one of the finest marine views in the world. On the one hand pass in review, almost at its very door, hundreds and hundreds of water craft, from the ocean steamer or towering East Indian to the little yachts and cat-boats which abound in that section. On the opposite bluff, on the other side of the pier, stands the Vineyard Skating Rink, an immense structure which is nightly filled with the elite and chivalry of "Cottage City," circling round and round over the smooth surface within upon the fascinating little rubber rollers. In the rear of the Sea View is situated the cottage city, Oak Bluffs, a fairy combination of open parks and shady groves, widening woodland paths and wide concreted drives, relieved by hundreds of the fairest summer cottages in the country. Oak Bluffs is a city by itself, with a charm and a character distinctively its own. The cottages are many, of elegant design and finish, but the majority are cozy little bird-houses, which peep coyly from their leafy covert at the passing stranger, and seem to invite him to closer inspection. Rising conspicuously from the oak-tops and roofs of the more distant portion of the Bluffs appear the dome and spires of the chapel, an octagonal structure situated upon a knoll which throws it into prominent view from the water. The chapel is unsectarian, and the pulpit is occupied by exponents of nearly all the religious denominations. Away to the south stretches the island proper, extending to Edgartown and South Beach in the distance, the former a quaint and aged town once prominent in the whaling industry, the latter a shore which lies fully exposed to the ocean, and where during southerly storms the breakers beat and pound the sand with a roar plainly heard for miles away. Along the bluffs which overlook the water on either side of the Sea View winds the famous boulevard, a broad avenue extending to Edgartown and following along the very edge of the water. At a little distance runs the Martha's Vineyard Railroad, narrow gauge, terminating at Katama and South Beach, three miles beyond Edgartown. A broad plank promenade, lighted by gas, extends along the very edge of the bluffs within the "Cottage City" limits, winding from the lighthouse and cliffs of West Chop, the northeasterly headland of the island, to the sloping meadows which lie beyond the cottages in the direction of Edgartown. This promenade is a prominent attraction there, and is thronged every evening with pleasure lovers, who stroll back and forth enjoying the cool breeze and the unbounded view by moonlight. At convenient distance from the hotel, on the line of this promenade, is the "Bath Arbor," situated on the bluff

and controlling an unobstructed view of the beach and bathers below. At this point new bath-houses, together with an observatory seventy-two feet high, are in process of construction. Between this point and the Sea View lies the Pavilion, an octagonal building, containing the refreshing ices which are so indispensable to evening promenades, and around this café winds the promenade on either side.

The Sea View adds greatly to the appearance of the city when viewed from the water. Within, everything is arranged to satisfy the most luxurious traveler. The broad halls are flanked by parlors and sleeping-rooms, constantly cooled by the ocean breeze, while on the lower floor the spacious dining-hall forms a conspicuous feature. Around the hotel outside, is a broad piazza which forms a complete promenade, and commands a surpassing view. These broad verandas are a favorite rendezvous with the cottage residents also, and here or at the rink one can almost always be certain of finding any friend he seeks.

The Sea View has a steam passenger elevator, and billiard, reading, reception, writing and toilet rooms are included in the building. Telegraph facilities will be afforded in the house. This establishment is under the management of Holder M. Brownell, favorably and widely known as proprietor of the Parker House, New Bedford, and also proprietor of the Sea View since its establishment. Professor Charles Atkinson, of Boston, has leased a lot of land bordering on Lake Anthony and will erect thereon a summer theatre, in which he will give entertainments during the season. He has engaged the Corinne Opera troupe, composed of Little Corinne and the principals of the original Boston Museum Juvenile Pinafore Company, and will produce "Pinafore" on the real ship built on Lake Anthony.

The Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute was established in the summer of 1878, with ten departments and twelve instructors. The original object was not so much to make profound investigations as to popularize science, literature and art, by giving practical instruction to earnest students. Perhaps a majority of the pupils have been teachers, who wished to make the most of their time during the five weeks. The number of students the first year was about eighty. The Institute reopened in 1879 with eleven departments, and there were 170 students. The present year there will be fourteen departments. The plan of the Institute allows of the introduction of any study in which a complete course can be pursued in five weeks.

A very attractive feature of the Institute is the public lectures, readings and musical entertainments. Among these the present year there will be Shakespearean readings by Professor R. R. Raymond, head of the Boston School of Oratory; historical lectures, by Dr. John Lord; musical concerts, by Professor Carlisle Petersilie, Principal of the Petersilie Academy of Music, Boston; lectures, by Professor Appar, of New Jersey; Dr. MacVicar, of New York; William J. Rolfe, of Cambridge; and Homer H. Sprague, the founder and president. The Institute opens July 6th.

The great need of a suitable building. Much inconvenience has been experienced during the past two years for want of class-rooms located near each other. Plans of an elegant and spacious building have been prepared by the well-known architect, Robert H. Slack, of Boston, and doubtless the funds will soon be forthcoming to erect the edifice. What better use can a liberal man make of his wealth than to connect his name permanently with such an institution?

Oak Bluffs is reached from New York by the Fall River Line steamers *Brasel* and *Providence*, which leave New York daily at 5:30 P. M., from Pier 28 North River, foot of Murray Street, connecting at Fall River the next morning with a fast express train via New Bedford, there connecting with steamers across Vineyard Sound, landing passengers at the Bluffs about 9 o'clock A. M. En route to the Vineyard a temporary stop can be made at the Parker House, New Bedford, thus affording an opportunity to see the many attractive points of that beautiful city.

Travelers leaving New York on Saturday afternoon connect with express train and steamer for the Bluffs, arriving there about noon on Sunday.

From Boston a convenient service of express trains, with palace-cars, is provided from the Old Colony depot, running via Wood's Hole, with steamer connection from that point, landing passengers at the Bluffs in about three hours from Boston.

GUNNISON CITY, COLORADO.

EIGHT years ago, George and Lewis Walte, unsophisticated Yankees, began prospecting for minerals in the Rocky Mountain region of Colorado. They slopped over the range with pack mules, and nosed around the divide in Lake County, fifty miles southwest of Fairplay. In the rough country near the head of the Gunnison River, they found abandoned surface diggings, evidently made in 1860, during the craze caused by reported rich discoveries at the head of the Arkansas. Near these surface diggings they found a vein of silver that cropped to the surface above the bed of a small creek. It ran directly through the mountain. The brothers returned to Denver with specimens of the ore, which were analyzed by Professor Hill, then of Black Hawk. They contained both silver and gold in good paying quantities. Satisfied that they had struck a fortune, the Yankees laid in fresh supplies and returned to the Gunnison country. They located themselves on the Saguache and Cottonwood spurs, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Snowman's Peak, Crystal Mountain, Silver's Peak, Galena, Tree, and Gothic Mountain, and the Crested Buttes reared their snowy heads above them, and numerous mountain torrents scamed the country below with rocky deluges. The best of timber covered the mountains, and grass in profusion grew in the little valleys.

The Yankees began work on a tunnel near the top of an elevation called Whopper Mountain. The hill was cut off from a similar elevation by a creek, and the vein was afterwards discovered in the opposite hill. It was staked off under the name of the Index. A third location called the Teller was afterwards made on Maroon Creek, three miles away.

For six years these Yankees tunneled Whopper Mountain, tumbling the ore on dumps, and awaiting the development of the country. Occasionally a pack mule, laden with ore for assays, was driven to Denver, returning with much needed supplies. Supplies were also got from Alamosa and Canyon City. It would not, however, pay to pack the ore to the Denver reduction works by mule, and at times the brothers were forced to abandon their claim through lack of sustenance. They had started in with a little capital, but it had melted away before the end of the second winter. That Spring George and Lewis went to Fairplay, and worked by the day in the mines at that place, scrupulously saving their wages. Before Winter they invested their surplus earnings in supplies, and returned to their labor on the Whopper. They made no secret of their discoveries, but old prospectors called them two "lender fees," and laughed them to scorn. The brothers worked manfully at their tunnel, leaving it for other work whenever necessity compelled them so to do. The Leadville excitement sprang up about fifty miles east of them, but they remained at the Whopper, regardless of the wonderful stories that reached them.

Adventurers poured into Leadville like water into a cistern. The cistern was overflowed, and in the Fall of 1878 a very little of the overflow reached the two Yankees. Surprising discoveries were made, and, with the opening of the summer of 1879 the country was flooded with prospectors. The mountains were pitted before Fall like men who had suffered from small pox. It is estimated that fully 18,000 prospectors visited the Gunnison country before the first fall of snow. Their marvelous tales

intensified the excitement to an unusual degree. To-day Gunnison City is a most important place. It is the point at which prospectors rendezvous before striking out for the different mining camps. It is but six miles from the line of the Ute reservation, and is built on quite an extensive plain. The central peak in the far distance is the famous Uncompahgre Peak.

A "Boom" in Ice.

THERE is a veritable boom in the ice trade of Maine, and prices are fast approaching a fancy basis. The bulk of the sales were made at \$2 and \$2.50 per ton, but now dealers are refusing \$3.75 and holding for \$5 later in the season. The supply is fast going into the hands of the large dealers and speculators, and the cities of the Atlantic coast may soon look for another advance in their ice bills. The figures show that there were 800,000 tons secured on the Kennebec last Winter, which, at \$2.50 per ton, will produce \$2,000,000, a large proportion of which goes into that valley for labor and profit on capital invested. This is more ice by 100,000 tons than was ever secured on the river before, and the total crop of the State is estimated at 1,500,000 tons. The amount unsold at Gardner, on the Kennebec, is limited, and will not exceed 80,000 tons. The business in past years has been precarious, and frequently, after an unusually severe Winter throughout the United States, ice has become almost unsalable at any price in that region.

Coffins for Hire.

A LUCRATIVE branch of the Moscow undertakers business is the repair and hire of coffins. The dealings in these necessary articles are for the most part in other European capitals, confined to one permanent and final transaction. But it would appear that many of the wealthy Muscovites purchase their coffins during their lifetime, and keep them at home, where they are used by careful housewives as repositories for groceries and other edible stores. The Russian rat, however, has a sweet tooth, with which he industriously gnaws his way into these grim receptacles of sugar, raisins and spices, doing such damage to them in the course of his forays that they are constantly in need of repair. The "hiring department" of the establishments above alluded to is chiefly supported by widows of merchants and tradesmen, who house the mortal remains of their "dear departed" in cheap deal coffins, but hire for the funeral ceremony magnificent "caskets," richly decorated with velvet and gilding, in which the plain wood boxes actually destined for interment are inclosed. At the churchyard gate the accommodating undertaker takes back his splendid shell, which has fulfilled its purpose by conferring distinction upon the relict of its temporary occupant during its transport through the public streets, and the deceased is consigned to the grave inexpensively.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Eminent Physicist, Dr. Rudolf Clausius, of Bonn, has been elected a member of the Roman Academy "dei Lincei."

The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of the Republic of San Domingo has issued a circular to the Ministers of England, America, France, Italy, Spain, Holland and Denmark, soliciting their co-operation in the erection of a monument to Christopher Columbus in the city of San Domingo.

By Means of the Electric Clocks now in position along the Hudson River road, an operator in New York controls the hands of each clock without the intervention of the men connected with the depot. For a moment before noon the hands of each clock are agitated and stop exactly at the same instant.

On the Shores of the Lake of Constance the rare phenomenon of a perfect solar halo was noticed on May 4th at noon. The large ring, which from time to time assumed splendid rainbow tints, remaining visible for more than two hours. At Berlin the phenomenon of mock suns was observed on June 9th inst. at 8 A. M.

Carre's Process for making cast iron magnets has been published. The *Nature* says that a soft and slightly carburized metal is melted in earthen crucibles, and before the metal is poured into the molds from 10 to 15 per cent. of steel filings is added. An addition of 1 to 1.5 per cent. of nickel and 0.25 per cent. of copper, or 2.0 per cent. of tin and 0.5 per cent. of copper, is also made, in order that the metal may stand tempering at a cherry-red heat.

The Legislature of the State of Connecticut has passed an Act authorizing the State Board of Health to prepare rules and regulations for the examination and re-examination of railroad employees in respect to color-blindness and visual power, and prescribe the methods and intervals at which such examinations shall be made. Those employed on railroads will be required to obtain certificates from the Examining Board that they are free from color-blindness.

A List of 25,000 geographical terms in most frequent use has been drawn up in Chinese by Li Fengpan, Chinese Minister at Berlin, with the assistance of Dr. Kreyer and Dr. Allen. This list is the basis upon which a large atlas of the world on Mercator's projection has been prepared and photolithographed at Berlin. It also represents the nomenclature employed by Dr. Kreyer in a translation of Daniel's Geography, a large standard work in sixteen Chinese volumes.

The Celebrated Botanist, Nicholas de Nasikine, in an article in the *Correspondance Scientifique*, claims that the flavor of fruits increases in proportion as they recede from the equator, while it decreases as the equator is approached. The leaves and flowers of nearly all Northern plants contain, also, a larger quantity of oil than those of southern Europe. He believes that the phenomenon is explained by the larger presence of the sun above the horizon during the Summers of the North.

Interesting Discoveries are reported from Italy. Near Este, in the Veneto, at the foot of the Euganean Mountains, Professor Prosdociomi discovered a prehistoric burial-ground, with many bronze and clay vessels. Eighty-two tombs were found, of which forty four seemed to have been opened already by the Romans, while the contents of the others seemed untouched. The urns belong to three different periods, some are stained black with linear ornaments, others are striped red and black. Some vases are of such exquisite workmanship that they could even to-day serve as patterns. A small case of bronze is adorned with human and animal figures.

The Council of the German African Society has now arranged with the King of the Belgians, as president of the International African Association, that, instead of carrying out their former intention of establishing a German station on the southern bank of Lake Tanganyika, their expedition, which is now at Zanzibar, preparing for their tour into the interior, shall first establish a station at Mangasa; that, however, the right to found a second station near Lake Tanganyika shall be reserved to them. Dr. Pogge, of Mecklenburg, already well known through his African travels, will become the director of the second station, which will now perhaps be established at Musumba, the capital of Muata Tumbo. This station will form a link in a complete chain of small settlements which are to extend all over the Dark Continent.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY has been gazetted Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

REV. DR. MAGOON, of Philadelphia, has provided a \$6,000 scholarship at Vassar College, of which he is a trustee.

THE Greenback Congressional Convention of the Fifth District of Maine has renominated the Hon. Thompson H. Murch.

THE Duke of Edinburgh has been made a Knight of St. Patrick in consideration of his services in the distribution of the Irish Relief Fund.

SENATOR BLAINE will spend a month in Saratoga this Summer, and will do campaign work in Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio in September and October.

GENERAL GRANT is to be entertained by the people of Kansas City on July 3d. He will go thence to Leavenworth, and spend a day at the Fort with General Pope.

THE Marquis of Bute has been so pleased with his visit to Jerusalem that he has bought a house near the Mount of Olives, which he will fit up as an occasional residence.

THE venerable John G. Palfrey, now in his eighty-fifth year, is busily engaged at his Cambridge (Mass.) home upon the fifth and closing volume of his "History of New England."

MRS. FLETCHER WEBSTER, of Marshfield, Mass., is building a fine dwelling on the spot where the old home was burned. The old elm which Webster valued so highly still stands, though badly damaged by the fire.

MADAME NILSSON has abandoned her proposed trip to this country. Negotiations with Mr. Mapleson are suspended, and Madame Nilsson has no intention to renew them. The difficulty between them is as to terms.

PROFESSOR JOHN ALOYSIUS GILLESPIE of the Society of Jesus, professor of languages and mathematics at Loyola College, in Baltimore, was drowned June 22d while bathing in the Patapsco, near the city limit.

THE youngest brother of the Princess of Wales, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, has returned to Copenhagen after a year's cruise as lieutenant on board a Danish corvette. His royal father orders that the youth shall have two months' vacation.

THE report of the recent examinations at West Point has reached the Adjutant-General of the Army. In the case of Whittaker, the report recommends that, as he was found deficient in his studies, and having been two years in the same class, he be discharged.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES sails for America in the *Germania* on August 12th. His primary object is to supervise the organization of a Tennessee Land Company. He desires it understood that he would accept lecture engagements during September and October.

It is reported that Charles Reade desires it to be announced that he abandons writing for the stage in consequence of his conversion by Dr. Graham, a Congregational minister at Hammersmith, London. Mr. Reade is a constant attendant at Bible classes, prayer meetings and contemplates preaching.

UNITED STATES MINISTER LOWELL is said to be the idol of London society, and is literally overwhelmed with invitations, both public and private. Earl Granville is reported as saying that he has never met a Minister with whom business is more agreeably, promptly and thoroughly transacted.

AMONG the gentlemen who received from Oxford the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law on Commemoration day, June 9th, were: The Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, Postmaster-General; J. J. Sylvester, F. R. S., Professor of Mathematics in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore; and John Everett Millais, R. A.

THE usual elaborate preparations are being made for the Fourth of July celebration at Henry C. Bowen's place at Woodstock, Conn. There will be the usual series of afternoon and evening concerts by the Putnam band, and at night will be given one of the finest pyrotechnic displays ever seen in that part of the State.

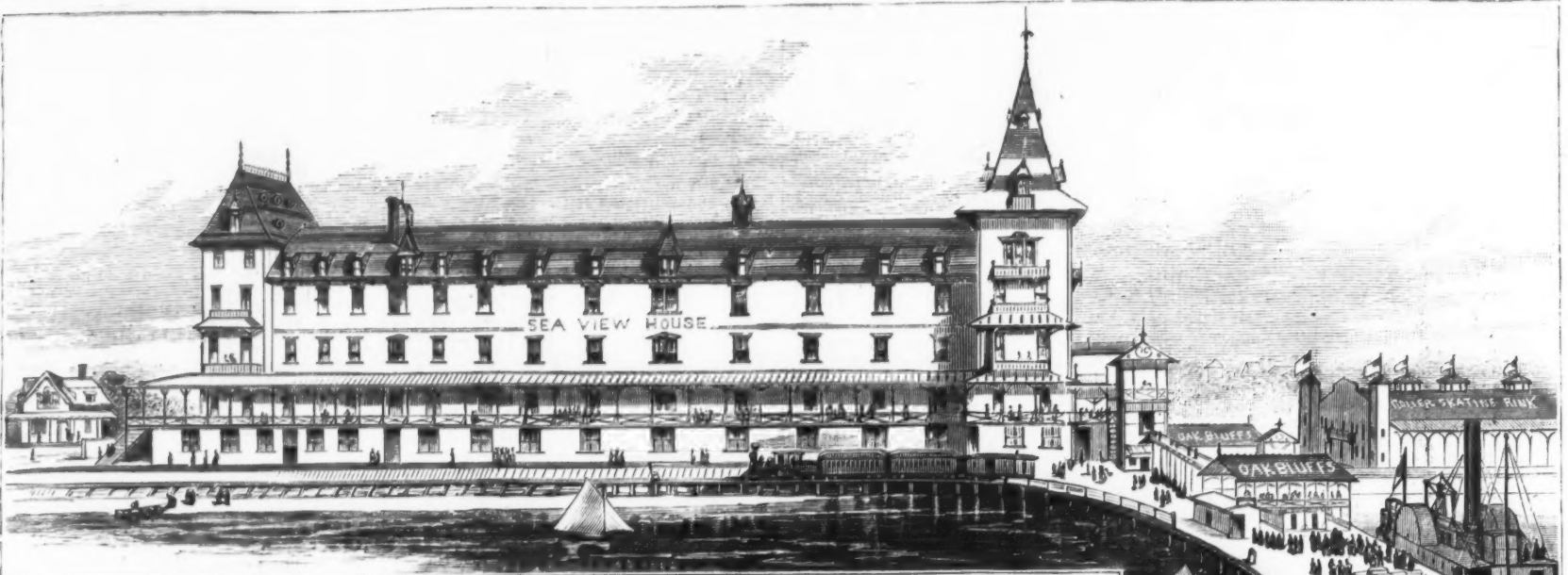
YAKOUB KHAN wants a palace in England, and \$200,000 to live on there, he says, will quite satisfy him for the loss of his throne. Abdul Rahman, the most eligible of the pretenders, writes to say that three crores of rupees—that is, about \$1,500,000—will just about fit him out nicely for a candidate for Cabul; while Mohammed Jan is ready to transfer his weight to the British scale, provided he is paid an annuity with a residence in India.

—THE Princess of Asturias, now in Paris, is an object of much curiosity in social circles. She is twenty-eight years of age, and truly "as haughty as a princess." Since she was an infant almost she has been a great stickler for every point of etiquette. She is the terror of courtiers, and unconsciously proud of her position as eldest daughter of the ex-Queen Isabella. She is six years older than her brother, and her piety is as mystical and fanatical as was that of her ancestor, Philip II.

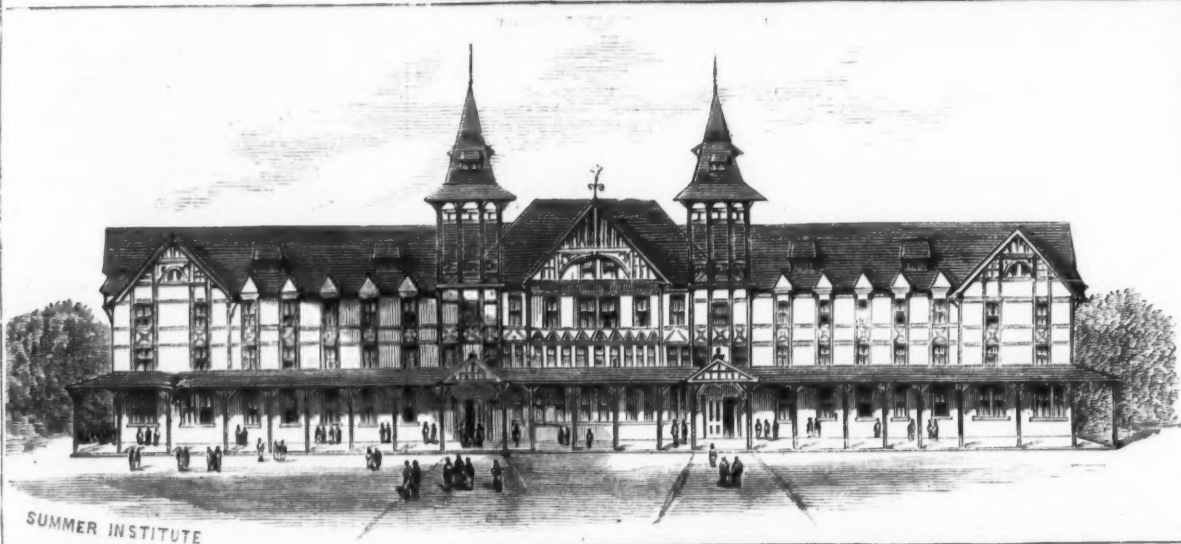
JOHN DUNN, who rules over all the border country that stretches in South Africa from the sea to the junction of the Tugela and Buffalo Rivers, wishes his territory to be called Dunsland. He told Sir Garnet Wolseley recently that the Zulus, of whom there are ten thousand adult males under him, have returned to their agricultural pursuits, and that the young men are marrying freely and building huts. The guns left among them are gradually coming in, and no Zulu is allowed to have arms in his possession.

MRS. ALICE BENNETT, M. D., of Philadelphia, received from the old University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, at the late Commencement, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. She wore a cap and gown. She is the first woman who has been graduated with any degree from the University of Pennsylvania. Miss Bennett was recently elected female physician to have the entire charge of the new hospital for the insane in Pennsylvania, and she is the first woman who has been assigned to a duty of that kind. She has been a professor in the Philadelphia Medical College for about five years.

THE Pope now gives audience to Italians, even to those devoted to the King. Recently he received about six hundred ladies, and they are not required to kneel and kiss his slipper, as formerly. He now contents himself with giving them his ring to kiss. It is said that the greatest fanatics who attended his audience are the French ladies. It is with the greatest difficulty that he can restrain them. They cover his feet with kisses and tug at his skirts like maniacs. He is obliged at times to be rough with them and to push them off by force. Sometimes he laughs, though sometimes he looks quite angrily at them. But whether he laughs or frowns they continue their mad antics until forced away from him, and then they stand aside gesticulating and rolling their eyes in ecstasy, much to the amusement of the other ladies, whose obedience to the Pope is less loud and exuberant.



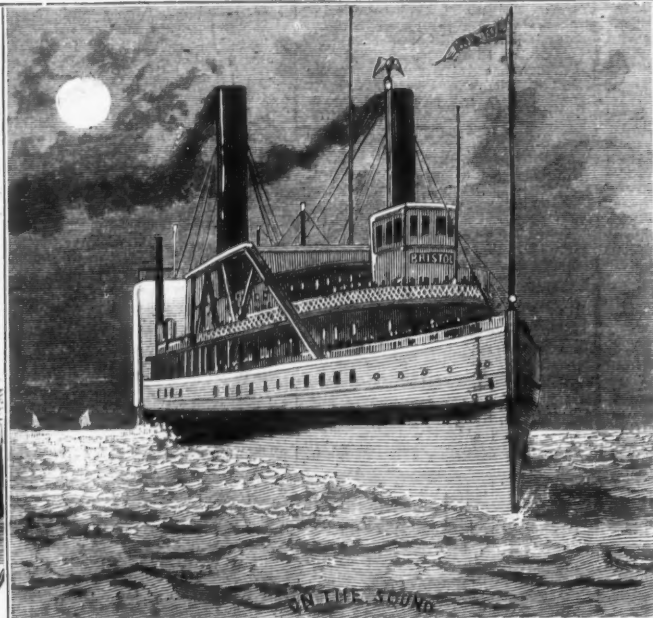
HOTEL AND WHARF AT OAK BLUFFS



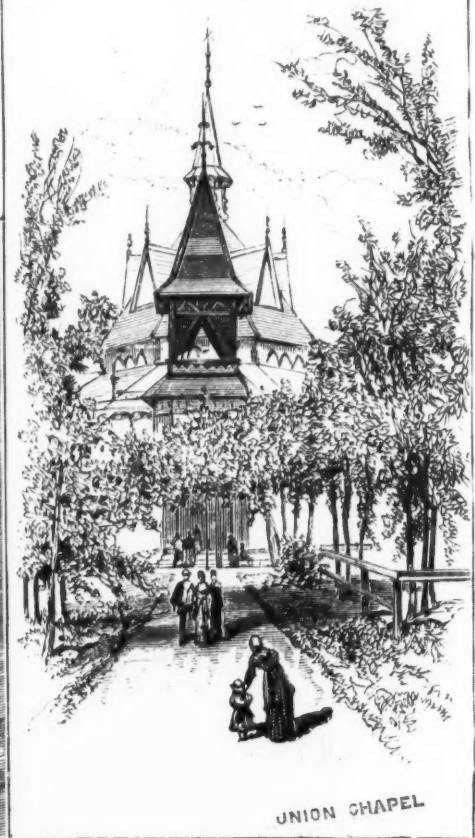
SUMMER INSTITUTE



TUCKER'S COTTAGE



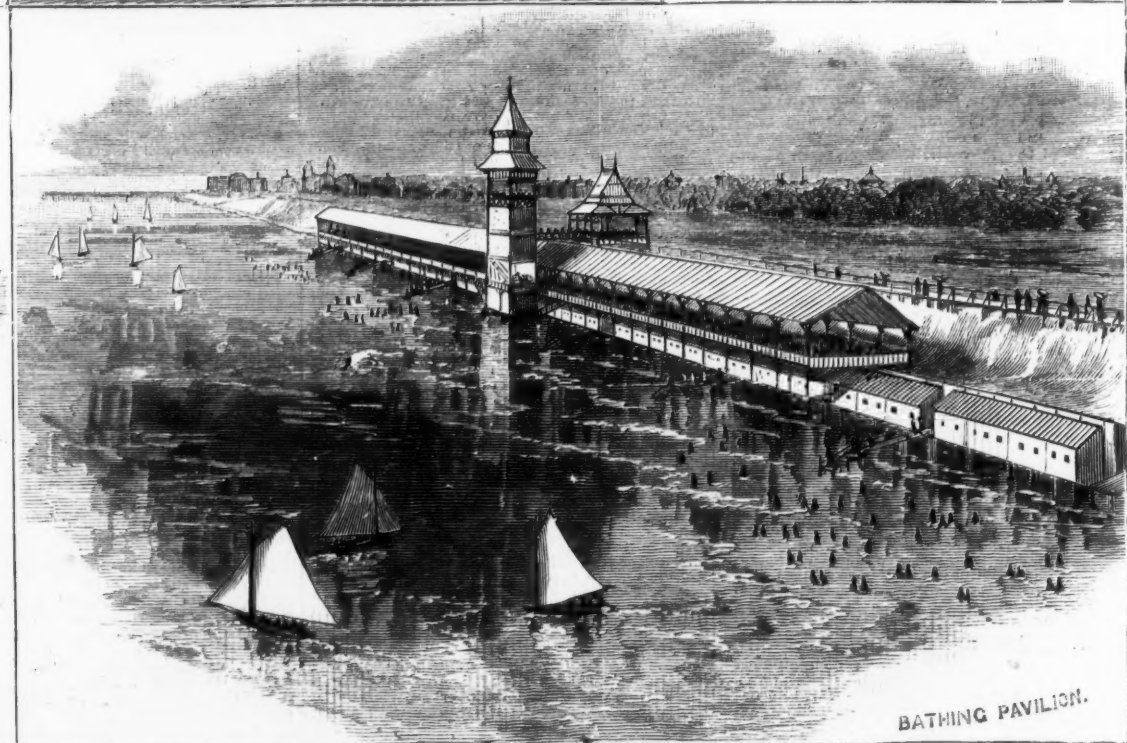
ON THE SOUND



UNION CHAPEL



THE PAGODA



BATHING PAVILION.

MASSACHUSETTS.—OUR FASHIONABLE SUMMER RESORTS—MARTHA'S VINEYARD AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.
FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 323.

THE LATE GENERAL SUTTER.

GENERAL JOHN A. SUTTER, the California pioneer, upon whose land, on American River, D. W. Marshall discovered the first beads of virgin gold, died in Washington D. C., on June 18th. He had been sick about a week with inflammation of the kidneys. He was born in Switzerland in March, 1803, and came to the United States in 1834. On landing at New York he started on an overland journey, striking the Pacific coast at Oregon, and thence going to San Francisco. Remaining there but a short time, he set sail for the Sandwich Is-

Indian Agent; shortly after, Commodore Stockton made him Alcalde, and Colonel Montgomery invested him with the military command of the district.

The General's troubles began with the discovery of gold. All his misery has been crowded into his life since that day—to him, most unlucky; to the world, most fortunate. He had in his employ a man named D. W. Marshall, who, one day, seeing small yellow lumps in the race near the spot where they were building a mill, gathered a quantity, and seeking the General, made him enter a room and lock the door, and there displaying his little beads which had been wrapped in a piece of dirty paper, said he believed they were gold.

General Sutter entered quite heartily into Marshall's excitement, as much to please the man by a sign of sympathy as from sheer curiosity. He applied all the tests he could think of, ending with that of *aqua fortis*, and assured Marshall that the lumps were indeed pure gold. An attempt was then made by the two to keep the matter a secret at least for a couple of months, at the expiration of which time the General hoped to have his mills finished. But the secret leaked out—through an old woman, of course—and, as Sutter said: "The scum of the world came. They cared nothing for law, property, or anything. They took from me what they wanted, and I was powerless. After a year or so civil authority was established, but in the meantime my stock had all been taken, and my land occupied by squatters."

Neither Mexico nor the United States disputed his proprietorship before this event. Afterwards the United States tribunals decided in his favor when he laid claim to his own property; but when the case was taken to the Supreme Court, the squatters won. He maintained the contest for his rights up to the time of his death, living in Washington while Congress was in session, and at Litz, Pa., the

remainder of the year. He was buried on the 24th by his old comrades, the pioneers.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH, who just now occupies so conspicuous a place in the attention of Englishmen, was born forty-seven years ago, the son of a solicitor's clerk, at Hoxton. In his early years he was an errand-boy, a clerk to a coal merchant, a teetotaler and a Sunday-school teacher. But at the early age of sixteen he discovered in himself certain atheistical and revolutionary opinions, together with a certain sense of power, which led to his becoming the man he is to-day. He enlisted as a soldier and nearly revolutionized the Seventh Dragoon Guards; but he purchased his discharge and became clerk to a solicitor, writer and lecturer under the name of "Iconoclast." The creed he has developed during his career is that of Atheism, "Malthusianism" and Republicanism. He has, in the advocacy of this creed, said and published much that is shocking and unsavory to the least squeamish, and he is at this moment the leader of all the strongest and most irreconcilable forces in Great Britain.

Mr. Bradlaugh is a man of great physical strength, of very considerable ability, and of inordinate boldness. He is not by any means a statesman, but he has made himself into a very good lawyer, and he is a powerful speaker and a fearless advocate of the most nauseous opinions. His influence, which is



Charles Bradlaugh

great with the lower classes of the populace, arises partly from his audacity and partly from an unlimited belief in himself, which he has communicated to many others. At the last election he was chosen to represent Northampton in the House of Commons. Upon the meeting of Parliament he declined to take the oath, proposing to affirm. This proposition encountered strong opposition; and on a motion that he be not received, the matter was referred to a committee. Upon the case coming up for action in the House, it was moved that Bradlaugh be permitted to affirm. Sir Harding Gifford moved an amendment forbidding him either to take oath or make affirmation. This was adopted by a vote of 275 to 230. On the announcement of the vote, which has the effect of unseating Mr. Bradlaugh, there was an extraordinary scene of excitement, the Opposition cheering tremendously and waving their hats. Sixty-five Liberals, including Home Rulers, voted against Bradlaugh's right to affirm. One Conservative and ten Home Rulers voted with the minority. On June 23d Mr. Bradlaugh was called on to hear the decision of the House, and, taking his place at the bar, eloquently combatted the resolution arrived at against

him. He said it was unprecedented to condemn any one unheard. He argued against being accused of atheism. He said he would not forego either his opinions or his claims to his seat. The House might afterwards expel him, but until he had taken his seat it had no jurisdiction over him. The House could not override the law which permitted him to take the oath. If an appeal should be necessary, as he hoped it would not be, it must be made. He asked the House to give him the justice which the judges would give him if appealed to. He was loudly cheered.

At the conclusion of Mr. Bradlaugh's speech the Speaker demanded that he should withdraw; but he replied: "I insist, respectfully, on my right, as a duly elected member for Northampton, to take the oath, and I respectfully refuse to withdraw." To a second request he made a like response. Sir Stafford Northcote moved that the Speaker be authorized to enforce his withdrawal, and the motion was adopted by a vote of 326 to 38. Mr. Bradlaugh refused positively to obey. He was thereupon removed beyond the bar. He returned twice, declaring that the House had no right to exclude him; that it could only imprison him. Finally the

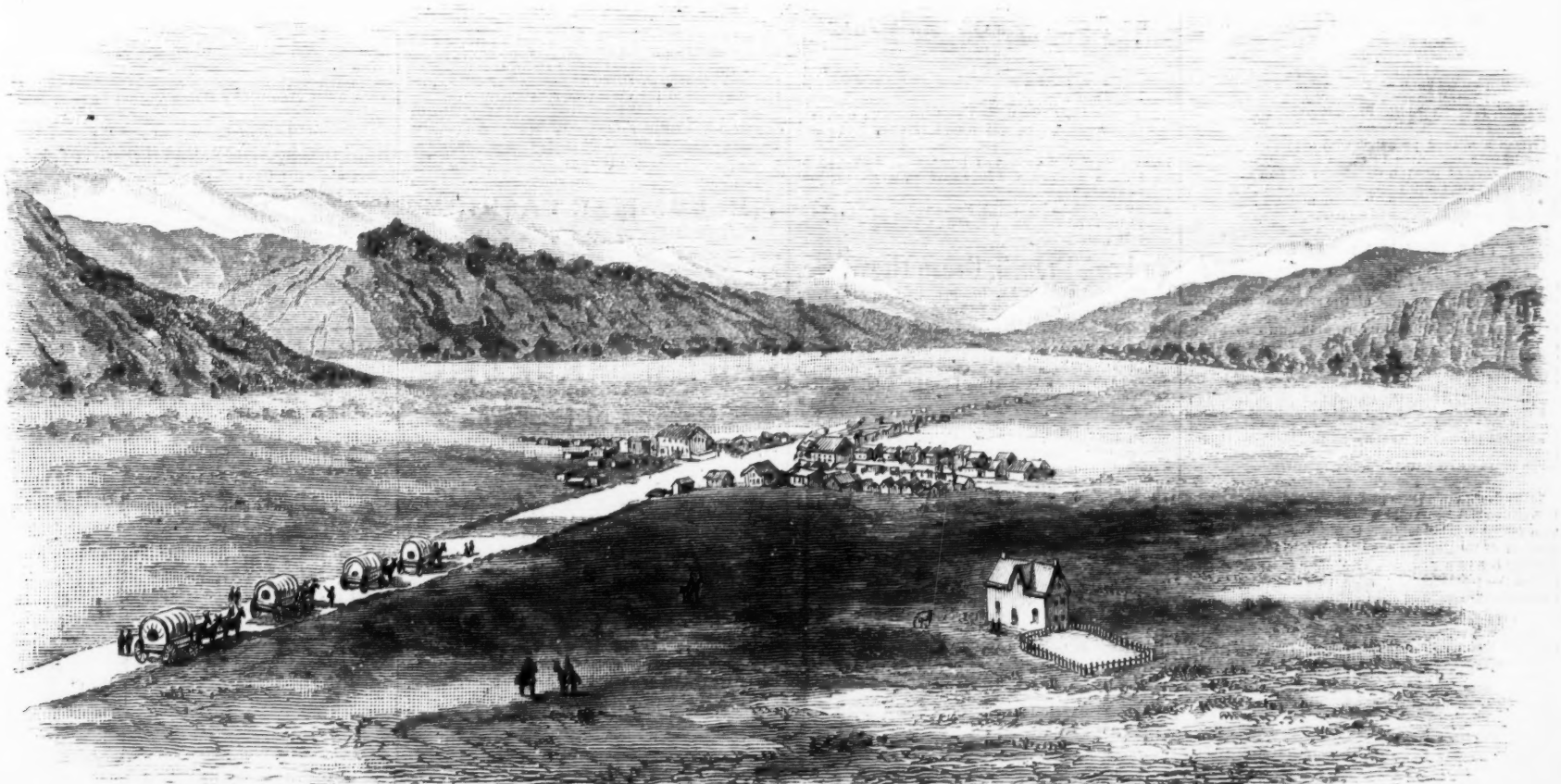


THE LATE GEN. JOHN A. SUTTER.—FROM A PHOTO, BY ULKE.

ands; thence he went in turn to Vancouver's Island, Alaska, and back to California, landing at what was then known as Yerba Buena, and "dropping my anchor on the same spot which is now well known as the corner of Montgomery and Clay Streets, City of San Francisco."

His first appointment was as a kind of Indian agent, ranking as a captain, and bearing a commission from the Mexican Government, which at that time held possession of California proper, with its capital at Monterey. He erected a fort at Sacramento, supplying it with cannon at his own expense, and, while regarding that town as his headquarters, he went into the interior, began farming on a large scale, and gradually created a strong desire for agricultural pursuits among the Indians he expected to fight.

In 1845, as commander of a brigade of four hundred men, he marched from Sacramento down to Monterey to aid in quelling the Revolution. The insurgents were pursued to San Fernando, where they turned and defeated the regular troops, taking Sutter prisoner, and deciding to shoot him the next day. His life was saved, however, through the intercession of an American gentleman—Stearns by name—and Sutter returned to his headquarters. His Government positions were retained, notwithstanding there was a change of administration, and again he turned his sword into a plowshare and his spear into a pruning hook. Later on, he saved Fremont's hardy explorers from starvation, sending a vessel down to Yerba Buena, and providing an abundance of clothing, food and other requisites. On General Kearney's arrival, Sutter was appointed



COLORADO.—VIEW OF GUNNISON CITY, THE NEW MINING RENDEZVOUS ON THE GUNNISON RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHAS. H. GOEHRING.—SEE PAGE 323.

Speaker called upon the Sergeant-at-Arms to remove Mr. Bradlaugh below the bar. The Sergeant-at-Arms approached and touched Mr. Bradlaugh on the shoulder. Mr. Bradlaugh moved away, but turned back and shouted, "I claim my right as a member of this House." The Sergeant-at-Arms took more forcible possession of the prisoner, and moved him to the bar, from which Mr. Bradlaugh again advanced, reiterating his claim. At last he was forcibly removed and locked up in the prison under the Clock Tower, being followed by three policemen and a procession of members of the House. Mr. Bradlaugh stated to friends that he did not yet contemplate legal proceedings, though he had received numerous offers of aid.

On the 24th, in the House of Commons, Sir Stafford Northcote moved that the House, having asserted its authority, orders Mr. Bradlaugh's release. Mr. Labouchere said that Mr. Bradlaugh, when released, would reassert his legal right.

Sir Stafford Northcote's motion was adopted unanimously, and Mr. Bradlaugh was released. In the evening he was present in the House, but sat under the gallery, outside the bar. Mr. Bradlaugh has received a message from many of his Northampton friends sympathizing with him, and assuring him of their undiminished determination to support him. A petition to the House of Commons will be largely circulated, and signatures invited praying that he be allowed to take his seat in the House. It is thought by some that he will eventually obtain his seat now denied him.

FUN.

FLATTERY.—*Artful Taylor* (after measuring customer's arm): "Dear me! Very, singular sir!—Excuse the measurement of the 'Apollon Belvedere, sir!' Customer orders a second suit.

ONE day during an eclipse of the sun a boy sold smoked glasses at six cents apiece. "You ought to make money," said a purchaser. "Yes," said the young merchant, "ours would be a good business if the dull season were not so long."

"I AM an independent voter, and I can't support you until I've seen your platform," she said as he finished proposing. A couple of hours later it dawned upon the young man's mind that she wanted to know the amount of his salary.

AT a camp-meeting lately a venerable sister began the hymn: "My soul, be on thy guard. Ten thousand foes arise." She began too high. "Ten thousand!" she screamed, and stopped. "Start her at five thousand!" cried a converted stock-broker present.

AN Irishman once said to another: "And ye have taken the testal pledge, have ye?" "Indade I have, and am not ashamed of it, either." "And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" "So he did; but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."

VERY LIKELY.—"Good-morning, Betty. Fine morning. Father pretty well?" "No, sir, I'm sorry to say he ain't at all the thing." "Sorry, indeed, to hear that. What's the matter with him?" "Well, sir, the fact is, he and Muster Revill druv over to Canterbury the other day, and the trap got turned clean over, and I think that upset him."

TENDER WIFE.—"Say, look here! I've got to have a new velvet skirt right off. Got to have it. This old thing is all worn out—actually threadbare down the front." "Trade of a husband." "Just the thing, my dear. All the rage. Fashion item says velvet skirts will be very much worn this season. Send-paper the back of your dress and you're setting the style."

PROFESSOR GEIGER sat in an easy-chair on the deck, looking very pale. The compassionate captain asked how he felt. "Miserable, miserable; I'm sick, captain, I'm sick. I have paid tribute to Neptune till I have lost everything." "But," said the captain, "I see you still have your boots left." "Yes," said the professor, faintly, "but they were on the outside."

AN innocent-looking old man was going up a Vicksburg street, a drayman nodded at him and asked, "Want a dray, mister?" "No-o, I guess not," replied the old man; "I'm too far from home, and can't pay freight on it. Much obliged, though. Vicksburg is a powerful nice town. A fellow back there asked me if I didn't want a coat, another inquired if I wanted a hack, and now you offer me a dray. I wish I lived here."

"WILLIAM, do you know why you are like a donkey?" "Like a donkey?" echoed William, opening his eyes wide; "no, I don't." "Do you give it up?" "I do." "Because your better half is stubbornness itself." "That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home." "My dear," he asked, as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?" He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered: "I suppose because you were born so."

THE TORTURES OF NEURALGIA.

THESE are being mitigated, and in a large number of cases wholly removed, by the use of "COMPOUND OXYGEN," the new revitalizing agent which is now attracting such wide attention. Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen" sent free. DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It was a colored preacher who said to his flock: "We have a collection to make this morning, and for the glory of Heaven whichever of you stole Mr. Jones's turkeys don't put anything on the plate." One who was there says: "Every blessed nigger in de church came down wid de rocks."

THE PREMIER SHOT GUN.

WE wish to call special attention to the advertisement of the PREMIER SHOTGUN. We have personally examined and own one of these guns; it is the handsomest and best single breech-loading shot gun in the market, equal in all particulars to high-priced double guns, and much better than a cheap double barrel. They are exactly as represented in the advertisement in every particular, and are well worth \$18 to \$20. No sportsman should neglect to purchase one, for, at the advertised price, they are a rare bargain. The advertisers are one of the best known and most reliable firms in the trade, and manufacture the PREMIER GUN themselves. They are offered at the wholesale price, to reduce a very large stock during the Summer months.

BURNETT'S COCAINE promotes the growth of and beautifies the hair, and renders it dark and glossy. The COCAINE holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized COCAINUT OIL, prepared expressly for this purpose. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, Broadway, New York, so long the leading hotel of the great city, fully maintains its high standard of excellence, and in comfort and luxury has no superior in this country or in Europe. Its location, for healthfulness and the convenience of travelers, is the very best. On account of its thorough good order, safety and superior rooms, it is especially adapted for families and ladies traveling without escort, who are treated with every respect and consideration. The proprietor, with his family, resides in the Hotel, giving to it his constant personal supervision; the result is that the ST. NICHOLAS is, in every respect, the Model Hotel.

A BUSY LIFE.

THE World's Dispensary at Buffalo, N. Y., is a great institution, having its auxiliary Invalids' Hotel for accommodation of patients, costing its founder nearly half a million dollars, and its branch in London, England, of similar proportions, where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Pleasant Purgative Pellets and other remedies are manufactured for the foreign trade, which extends to the East Indies, China and other far-distant countries. All this mammoth business has been organized, systemized and built up by Dr. R. V. Pierce, who has associated with himself as a Faculty, under the name of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, a most competent staff of physicians and surgeons, who annually treat many thousands of cases of chronic diseases, not by prescribing any set list of remedies, but by using all such specific remedies as have, in a large experience, been found most efficacious. Besides organizing and directing this mammoth business of world-wide proportions, Dr. Pierce has found time to write a work on domestic medicine, entitled, "The People's Common Sense Medical Advisor," 1,000 pages, 300 illustrations, selling at \$1.50; and also to serve a term as State Senator, and later as Member of Congress. Surely he must be competent, if he were to take the lecture platform, to discourse upon "the recollections of a busy life."—*National Republican.*

BALDNESS.

A SURE sign of approaching baldness is an abnormal amount of dandruff, accompanied or followed by "falling hair." When these unmistakable signs manifest themselves, immediate action should be taken to restore the normal functions of the scalp and glands, as that is the first stage at which these symptoms yield most readily. Dr. Scott's ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH immediately vitalizes the decaying glands or follicles, and produces a rapid and long growth of hair. It is positively guaranteed to cure nervous or bilious headaches in five minutes, and the price, \$3, will be refunded if not as represented. Its sale is wonderful. See testimonials and advertisement on sixteenth page.

HALFORD SAUCE.—Unrivalled by any relish. Intended for family use. Recommended by the best families.

IMPURE BLOOD, General Debility, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples, Carbuncles, Unhealing Sores, and other diseases demanding a treatment essentially Tonic, Absorbent, Alterative, Blood-Cleansing, Blood-Making and Health-Restoring, yield readily to that most perfect and elegant of medicinal preparations, DR. BROWN'S TONIC AND ALTERATIVE. Price 50 cents and \$1. For sale by the Proprietor, W. Chapman Browning, M.D., 1117 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE is more convenient for making "lemonade" than lemons or limes, and is healthier than either.

BALDNESS, grayness and other imperfections of the Hair will be regarded as inexorable after a trial of MISS S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Every Druggist sells it.

THE TRAVELERS pays for business time lost by accidental injury, and a policy doesn't cost much.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., June 19, 1880.
H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 81 Maiden Lane, New York:
GENTLEMEN—The (asbestos) paint I got of you last Fall is entirely satisfactory. I want nothing better.
Yours respectfully,
(Signed) D. T. CLIPPINGER, Druggist.

EPPS'S COCOA. GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

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LEAVE PHILADELPHIA, Ninth and Green Sts.: 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:15 A.M., 12:10, 2, 3:30, 4:45, 5:40, 7:15 P.M.; and 12 midnight.

ARRIVE AT NEW YORK, foot of Liberty St.: 9:30, 11, 11:50 A.M.; 1, 2:45, 4:25, 6:10, 6:17, 8:20, 10:20 P.M.; and 4:50 A.M.

LEAVE NEW YORK, foot of Liberty St.: 6:45, 7:45, 9, 11:15 A.M.; 1:30, 4, 4:30, 4:45, 6:30, 7:15 P.M.; and 12 midnight.

ARRIVE AT PHILADELPHIA, Ninth and Green Sts.: 9:25, 10:10, 11:30 A.M.; 1:40, 4, 6:10, 6:50, 7:20, 8:10, 10:05 P.M.; and 4:50 A.M.

To Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc.

LEAVE PHILADELPHIA, Ninth and Green Sts.: 9:30, 10:15 A.M.; 2, 3:30 and 3:45 P.M.

LEAVE OCEAN GROVE: 6:12, 6:27 and 7:28 A.M.; 3:57, 4:13 and 6:07 P.M.

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"The great success of 'Molly Bawn,' 'Phyllis' and 'Aisy Fairy Lilian' prophesies for this last work a capital run. The great charm of her writings consists of strong characterization, clever dialogues, and simple yet interesting plots, combined with a fine power of description."

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10:00 A.M.	10:10 A.M.	10:25 A.M.
1:00 P.M.	1:10 P.M.	1:25 P.M.
3:00 P.M.	3:10 P.M.	3:25 P.M.
6:00 P.M.	6:10 P.M.	6:25 P.M.

Returning, leave GLEN ISLAND 7:30 A.M., 12:30, 3:30, 5:30 and 8:30 P.M.

* Pier No. 18, N.R., foot of Cortlandt St., is three blocks from 6th Ave. and two blocks from 9th Ave. 1st road.

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VIA BAY RIDGE.

Steamers THOS. COLYER and MATTEAWAN from 22d St., N. R., at 9:10, 10:25 A.M., and hourly to 9:25 P.M. Leaving LEROY STREET ten minutes and PIER No. 6 thirty minutes after leaving 22d St. The boats leaving 22d St. at 7:25 and 8:25 P.M. do not stop at Leroy and Pier 6.

The steamer D. R. MARTIN leaves foot of Whitehall Street at 9:25 A.M. hourly to 8:25 P.M. Trains from Manhattan Beach connecting with D. R. Martin for Whitehall Street, leave hourly from 8:20 A.M. to 12:20 P.M., 1:25 to 6:25 P.M., 7:20 to 9:20 P.M., and 10:40 P.M. Trains connecting with steamer for Pier 6, Leroy St. and 22d St. leave every hour from 11 A.M. to 9:55 P.M.

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[From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, March 20th, 1880.]

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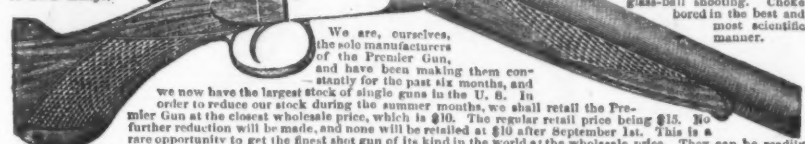
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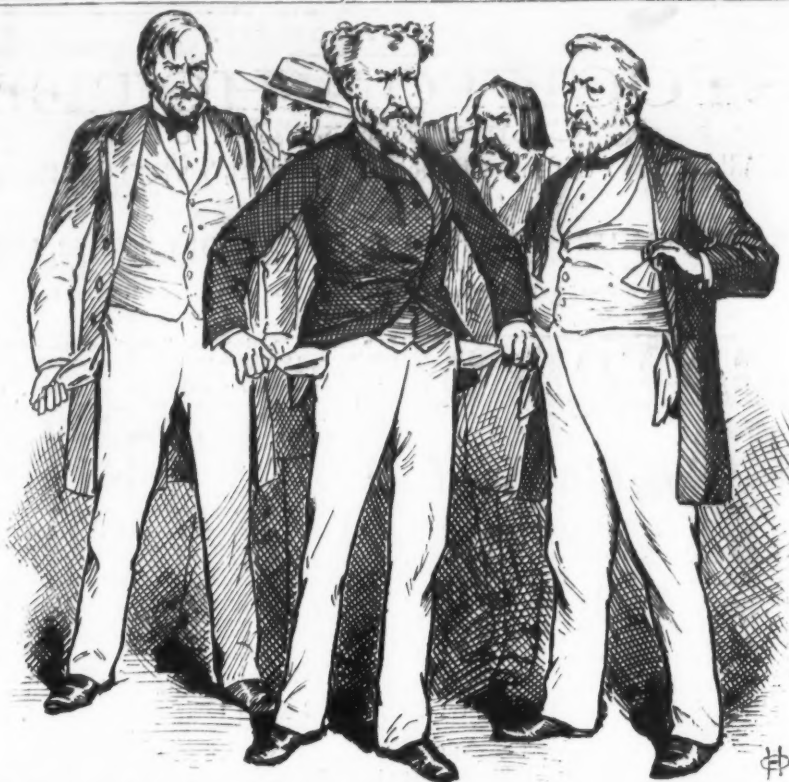
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A RAPID GROWTH OF HAIR
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REV. DR.
BRIDGMAN.]
Brooklyn,
June 1st, 1880.

"Gents: I have never
before given a testimo-
nial, but am willing to en-
courage the use of an honest
remedy. I am so pleased with
your Hair Brush that I deem it my
duty to write you recommending it
most cordially. My hair, about a year
since, commenced falling out, and I was rap-
idly becoming bald; but since using the Brush
a thick growth of hair has made its appearance, quite
equal to that which I had previous to its falling out. I
have tried other remedies, but with no success. After this re-
markable result I purchased one for my wife, who has been a great suf-
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A. BRIDGMAN, D.D."

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"My Aunt writes me they are the greatest blessing to her, as in all cases they relieve her at once. My hair
is growing rapidly, the bald place being quite covered. I do think you ought to make these things known, for the
benefit of others, as I am convinced it is the best Hair Renewer yet put before the public. Yours truly, J. JEWETT."

"Over 1,300,000 in use. An honest remedy, worthy of all praise."—British Medical Index.

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"Your Brush is certainly a remarkable cure. I am highly pleased with it. Its effect is most wonderful, and you may be
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